

The Georgian



St. George's College

1977-78







THE BEGINNINGS OF A HISTORY

In the summer of 1955, encouraged by the success of their second annual Diocesan Summer Choir School at Trinity College School in Port Hope, John Bradley, Director of Music at St. Andrew's College in Aurora, Dr. Healey Willan, Dean of Canadian composers and John Cook, organist and choirmaster of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, Ontario, and composers of music for the Stratford Shakespearian Festival, pondered the possibility of establishing a permanent institution, patterned after the collegiate choir schools of England, where suitably gifted boys could receive daily training in the music of the Church, and where they could also receive a traditional academic schooling. As the first step toward making their idea a reality, John Bradley and John Cook approached John St. Clair Wheeler, an industrialist whose sons had attended the Diocesan Summer School, to ask his help and advice. After assessing the prospects of such a venture, Mr. Wheeler committed himself to gathering a group of interested and knowledgeable men to form an advisory council and eventually a board of governors. At St. Andrew's College John Bradley invited J.B.E. Garstang, J.D. Allen and J.L. Wright to assist him in planning the internal structure of the new school.

By 1960 an advisory council and a board of governors had been established, the former consisting for the most part of men prominent in the fields of education and music, the latter of those men recruited through the continuing efforts of J.S. Wheeler and by the academic members of the founding committee. The Most Reverend William L. Wright, Archbishop of Algoma, was appointed Honorary Chairman of the Advisory Council. The Right Reverend F.H. Wilkinson, Bishop of Toronto, Honorary Chairman of the Board of Governors, The Most Reverend H.H. Clark, Primate of All Canada, Visitor, and Dr. P. A.C. Ketchum, Headmaster Emeritus of Trinity College School, Warden to succeed Dr. Healey Willan, who had retired.

On March 29th, 1961, by an act of the Legislature of Ontario, St. George's College came officially into being.

The next three years were crucial. Despite the fine plans on paper, the legions of Advisors and well-wishers, the school as yet had no substance. The board of governors were very quickly faced with the harsh realities of fund raising, and as quickly learned that there was little hope that they could raise enough money to establish the boarding school they had first envisaged. For an instant the vision faltered. It was at this moment that the Bishop of Toronto, the Right Reverend R.H. Wilkinson, graciously intervened by inviting the founders to meet with the

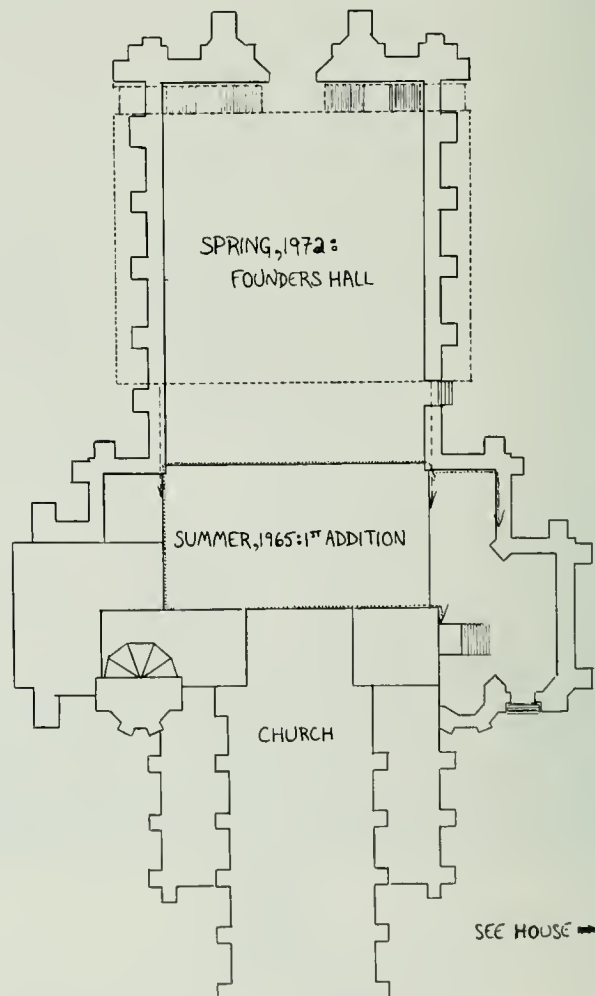
Wardens of the Church of St. Alban the Martyr. The proposal was made that since the congregation of the church was small, and the school was looking for a site, they might come to some arrangement to share the church and its adjacent buildings. An agreement was made and plans set in motion. By unanimous decision of the board of governors, John L. Wright was appointed first Headmaster.

But the problem of financing remained. In February, 1964 the Board of Governors met to take stock of their situation. It was not encouraging. The Treasurer reported a balance of \$2.47 (mostly in stamps); hardly a sum to be considered in the establishment of a new school. Nevertheless, one courageous voice was raised at that meeting: "We have talked long enough. Let's go". Money was collected to place an advertisement announcing the new school in each of the daily newspapers, and officials of one of the chartered banks expressed their faith in the idea by providing a loan of some \$48,000 to cover the cost of the renovation of what is now Ketchum Hall. During the spring and summer, staff was hired to supplement founding members, John L. Wright, John Bradley, John Allen, and the Reverend Kenneth Scott. D.J. Armitage was the first to join the staff. Later came Dr. Eric Reedman, Mrs. Marie Macfarlane, and D.H. Gardner, Vernan Pascoe, Mary and James McKellar; and Robert Good.

During the summer boys and their parents were interviewed, and by Labour Day seventy-two had expressed their wish to attend.

At an assembly on the first day of the new term the Headmaster introduced the staff to the boys, and set forth to them the rules and regulations of the school, times of classes, subjects to be studied, and so forth, in great detail and at some length.

"Now" said Mr. Wright, "are there any questions?"





"Yes! " replied a small boy in the front row, "when do the holidays begin? "

There's not space enough in The Georgian for a full-fledge history of Saint George's College. Perhaps one will be put together elsewhere, at some other time. There have been vague mutterings about Archives....

The pictures are arranged roughly in chronological order. They span a period of about nine years: from 1964 and some of the best lawn bowling turf in Toronto, through 1965 (the addition of four classrooms to the church basement), to 1973 - the dedication of Founders' Hall, the second addition to the school.

These six pages are, I hope, interesting. They will jog a few memories. Also, as a reminder of the school's beginning, they will introduce those who entered St. George's after Founders' Hall was built to the earlier years of the school. Try to imagine grass growing on the ground now occupied by rooms one through six, and two rooms subdivided into four classrooms (now room eight, the study carels and the staff room) facing out onto that grass (windows about level with room eleven).

Try to remember healthy grass on the back field, never mind lawn bowling.

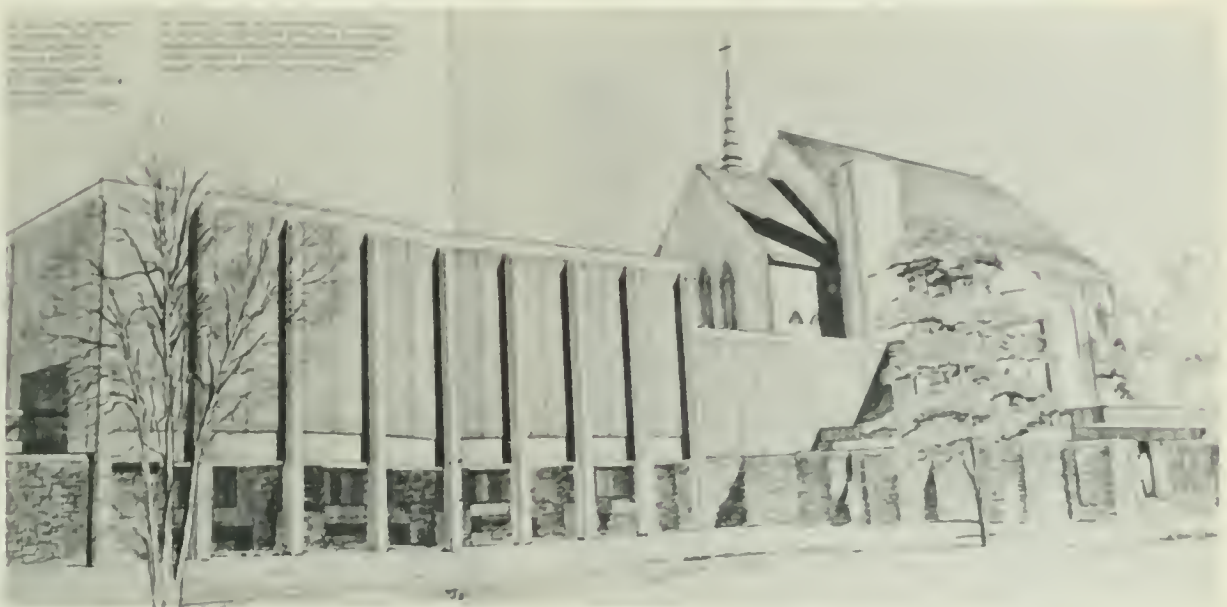
These pictures do not even begin to adequately represent the many events and developments of the short years of the school's life. At the very least, I hope that they will ever so slightly broaden the student's view of their school.

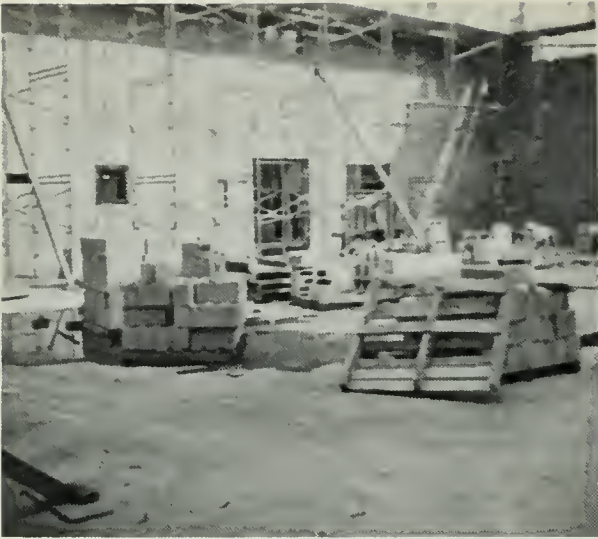




J.T. Skells, H.S. Marion, J.D. Harrison, The Rt. Rev. F.H. Wilkinson, J.S. Wheeler,
The Most Rev. H. Clarke, J.L. Wright.









FROM THE HEADMASTER'S STUDY



Another school year is rapidly drawing to a close, and with it must come a time for reflection. As each boy reviews the events of the past year he will decide in his own mind whether it has been a good one or not. The boy who entered school for the first time last September determined to make a contribution through his efforts will have achieved satisfaction. As we moved through the calendar of school events with its seasonal games and activities new vistas and opportunities opened up. Most of us participated in these with interest and enthusiasm. The curtain has now dropped at the conclusion of another performance. Some of us have played our part well while others have fumbled our lines. Certainly the opportunity to excel was ours. To those who worked diligently in the classroom, promotions are bound to come. To those who played their parts in extracurricular activities wisely, pleasure in accomplishment will have been the reward.

Application is a most important word in the life of every schoolboy. He must set up a target and endeavour to hit it. Thought must be linked with purpose before there can be any intelligent accomplishment. Aimlessness is a vice, and such drifting must not continue for him who would steer clear of failure. It is my sincere hope that you will keep this thought uppermost in your mind as you continue with your education.

I leave you and your school with many pleasant memories. Thank you for making my job a joyful experience.

Your Headmaster and friend,

J.L. Wright

JOHN L. WRIGHT

With the retirement of our beloved headmaster, John L. Wright, the end of an era has arrived at St. George's College. Mr. Wright is stepping down after forty years of making his unique contribution in the field of education. All who came in contact with him - boys - parents - and staff are the richer for experiencing his warmth, knowledge and understanding.

Mr. Wright was born in a rectory near Kingston. Most of his family were connected with the priesthood, one of his brothers is Archbishop Bill Wright, retired Bishop of Algoma and Metropolitan of Ontario, and the other, his twin, Canon Joe Wright is former Rector of St. Cuthbert's Church, Leaside.

Mr. Wright received his Bachelor of Arts degree at Trinity College, University of Toronto. While at the university he was active in the Athletic Society and often likes to recall the days he played for Varsity. An article in "The Varsity" dated April 12, 1931, states, "The Bandmaster of the U. of T. band announced this week at the last appearance of the band for the season that J.L. Wright, 2nd trumpet, was playing for the last time. He then added, "We hope to have a much better band next year."

After graduation Mr. Wright enlisted in the Kingston Signals and in 1931 he became the youngest commissioned officer in M.D. No. 2. During the war he trained senior cadets in weaponry at Bolton, and received his Efficiency Decoration in 1964.

Mr. Wright went to St. Andrew's College in the fall of 1938 to teach English and History. In 1941, after being promoted to married status, he became Housemaster of MacDonald House. In his years at St. Andrew's he was active in the Cadet Corps and coached teams in all the major sports. He moved to Toronto in 1964 to become the first Headmaster of St. George's College. Under his inspired and dedicated leadership the school soon made an impact on educational circles and grew from the initial 70 to 375 boys in 1978. At MacDonald House Mr. Wright worked hard to create a "family spirit" and this is the spirit he gave to St. George's. In recognition of his outstanding work in the field of education he was awarded the Queen Elizabeth Silver Jubilee Medal in the fall of 1977.

As the headmaster of a newly formed school it was soon apparent that St. George's had a man of many skills. Few headmasters have the ability to fix clogged toilets, furnaces which stop working on the coldest days of winter, leaks in the roof, leaks in the pipes, locks that won't lock and locks



that won't open. All these provocations and many more. Mr. Wright has met, dealt with, and overcome with his unfailing spirit of optimism and delightful sense of the ridiculous. He is a man who combines the best qualities of a plumber, carpenter, construction engineer, electrician, accountant, administrator, teacher, public relations officer, psychiatrist and entertainer. It is difficult to say which one of these he does best.

Mr. Wright's interests outside the school have been many and varied. He is a member of the Convocation and Corporation of Trinity College, a 32nd degree mason, a sidesman at St. Clement's Church, a former director of the summer school at Lakefield College, the co-editor of an English Grammar text, and an active member of the Toronto Ceilidh.

His hundreds of boys, parents and friends wish him Godspeed in his retirement and express their grateful thanks for the forty years of his magnetic leadership.

FROM THE JUNIOR SCHOOL

Another school year is over, our fourteenth as a school, my fourth in my present position, and our Headmaster's fortieth as a schoolmaster.

We wish Mr. Wright every happiness in his retirement and thank him sincerely for his care and concern for the lower school and for the strong support he has given us. He is fond of calling us "the foundation of the College" and has lent his many efforts to helping us build on that foundation. His dedication to the job of school-mastering has been an example to us all, and his unflagging humour has long been the envy of many other hard-pressed administrators. Undoubtedly we will see Mr. Wright in our assemblies and on special occasions, so that our new boys will not be deprived of the experience, but we urge him to enjoy a well earned rest, difficult though it may be to imagine him anywhere but behind his desk, pipe in one hand, telephone in the other.

Mr. Wright, thank you from all of the Junior School and as you enter your first year of new venture, I enter my fifth, and the school its fifteenth. - Good luck!

J. Tansey
Principal, Junior School



STUDENTS





GRADE THIRTEEN



Peter Bain



Christopher Dawson



Richard Hector (Prefect)



Thomas Cumming (Prefect)



William Deacon (Prefect)



Barry Chisholm (Prefect)



Douglas Bell (Prefect)



Peter Butler



Ian Houston (Prefect)



Sean Dewart



Christopher Cook



Terence King (Prefect)



William Scott



Glen Ollers



Timothy Ormsby



Raines Koby



John Sankey



Nicholas Martin-Sperry



Brent Shields (Prefect)



Sandy McClaren



Brian Hill (Head Prefect)



David Trusler



Kevin Matthews



Graeme Rogers



Ian Upjohn (Prefect)



James Tasker (Prefect)



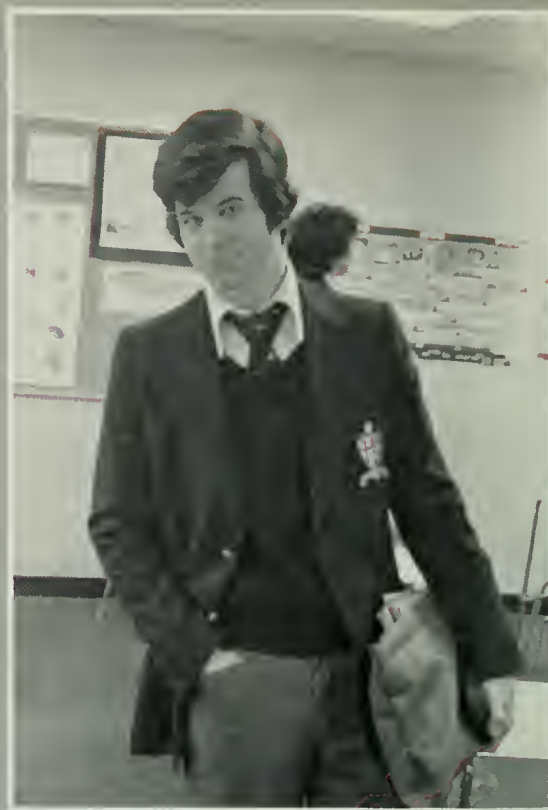
Jack Ellis (Prefect)



Fraser Phillips



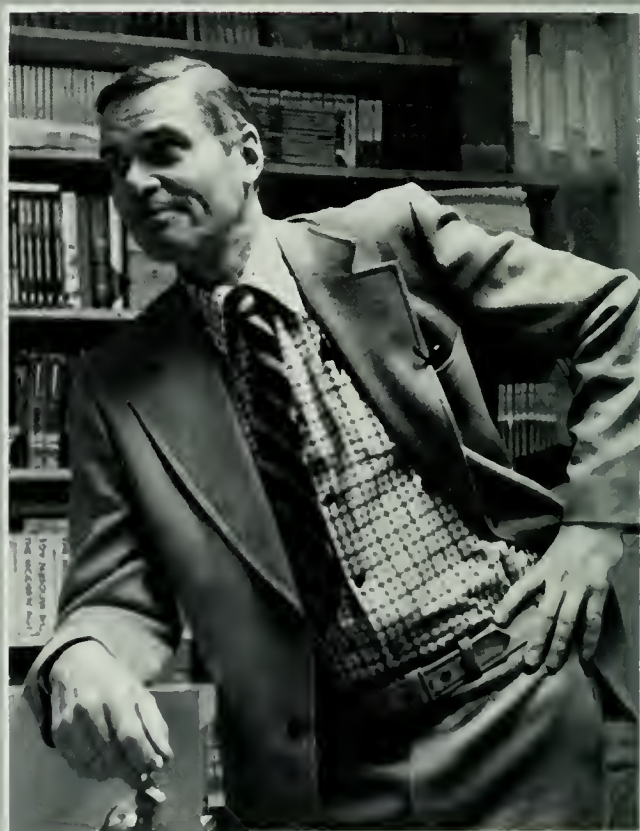
Adrian Walton



John Wynn



Mr. Clayton



Mr. Armitage



Ian Lomax (Prefect)
1959-1977



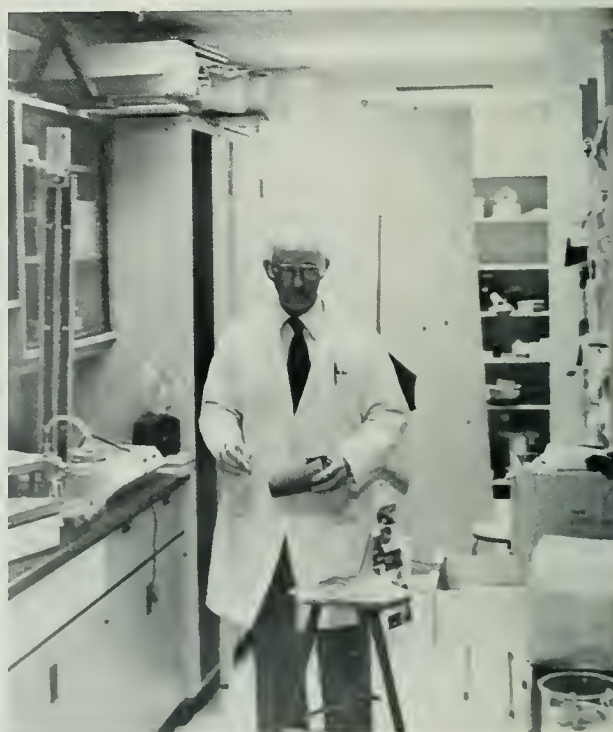
GRADE 12-1



BACK ROW: Eric Fergusson, Michael LeGresley, Mark Hunter, Nick Shiletto, Keith Lawes, Andrew Spears, Paul Lynch, Gregory Fox.

MIDDLE ROW: Glen Stanley-Paul, Michael Richardson, Michael LeFeuvre, Malcolm Ness, Paul Jennings, Stewart Dingwall, Mark Beattie, Dean Turney.

FRONT ROW: John London, David Reive, Ian Wilks, Robert Shirer, John Millen, Cameron Crassweller, Robin King, James Carl.



GRADE 12-2



STANDING: Jim Lanskail, Peter Levitt, Chris Baillie, Rich Lloyd, George Flint, Rob Linghorne, Gord Montgomery, Mike Saunders, Keith Fletcher, John Darrigo.
SEATED: Peter Gibson, Jay Murray, Mike Low, Doug Wigle.

GRADE 11-1



BACK : Rob Secor, Peter Hughes, Rob Evans, David Davies.
 SECOND FROM BACK: Paul Shepherd, Bill Dafoe, John Ball, Geoff Bernardo, Mike Cihra.
 NEXT: Leo Delelis, Geoff Morphy, Jim Fairweather.
 NEXT: Ed Jarjour, Scott Roos, John Northcott, Bryan Campbell, Richard Stewart.
 BELOW: Andrew Podnieks, Mark Auld.
 FRONT: John Beaumont, Mark Worrall, Peter Crossman, Ian Schenkel, Mr. Walker.



GRADE 11-2



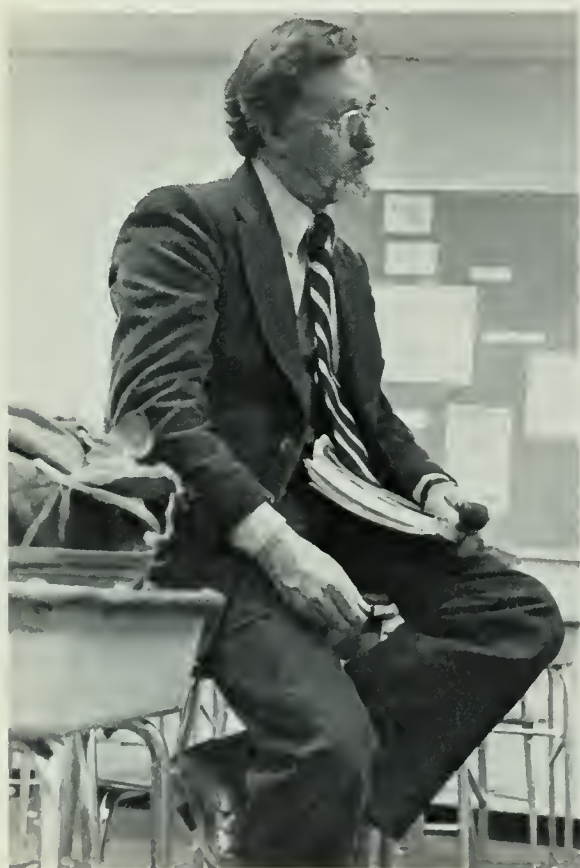
BACK ROW: Thom Riley, Patrick Burka, Rob McClelland, Chris Winship, David Lawson, David Guy, Dan Hicks, Mark Heisey, Rob Shuttle, Paul Mazze, Gary Davidson.
FRONT ROW: Phillip Shaw, Jock MacLachlan, Greg Rice, David Hilliker, Jim Belch, Lindsay Smith, Doug Chaddock, John Skey, Thom Moog.



GRADE 10-1



BACK ROW: Kevin Bradshaw, Chris Dowd, Brad Hodgson, Doug Jones, Michael Cochrane.
 MIDDLE ROW: Andy Trusler, Patrick Baillie, Jeffrey Archibald, Fraser Morrison, Andrew Bousfield, Charles Arnoldi, Anthony Griffin.
 FRONT ROW: John Wigle, Corey Glynn, Cam Clokie, Brian Tobin, Arthur Kennedy, Cary Murphy.
 ABSENT: Brian Angus, Leonard Bosschart, John Bolitho, Bill Clarke, Jamie Zakuta.



GRADE 10-2



STAIRS: Chris Payne, Bruce Lawes, Charles Houtby, Eric Moog, Stephen Dembroski, Jamie Osbourne, David Hill, Jamie Brenzel, Graeme Laing.
MIDDLE ROW: Alastair Campbell, Rob Keilty, Robert Bird, Ramon Forgiel, Richard Cohen, Jeff Sedgwick, Malcolm McGrath.
FRONT ROW: Peter Rider, Jonathon Luecka, Ian DeHaas, Peter Keresteci, Brett Evans, Peter Miller.



GRADE 9-1

The smallest nation in the world is the Vatican, right? Wrong! It's the Independent Republic of Lockerovia! Let me explain...

On April 26, 1978, Mr. P. Till and Mr. J. Sladek, the co-founders of Lockerovia came painfully to the conclusion that their lockers must separate from the rest of Canada. They thus formed a new republic, Lockerovia, and quickly sought immigrants and new lands to enlarge their confederation. The first new territories were the lockers of Messrs. H. Brown, N. Culverwell, and S. Daly. Next to join was room 4 whose leading politician, Mr. J.J. Kerr, became a citizen as well. Today, our population of 10 (1978 est.) also includes Messrs. G. Fox, R. Allison, M. Allodi and M. Clarke. We Lockerovians are proud of our independence. We possess a semi-unique government; it is basically parliamentary but every full citizen has 10 votes at his disposal. We have several parties: Progressive Naturalists, Conservatives, Social Anarchists, Progressive Terrorists, Friends of the Moon, Communists, Sado-Masochists, Giles Business Inc., Socialists and Mutual Democrats. Analysts have observed three major blocs: Right Wing (P. Natrl., Cons., G.B.I.), Left Wing (P. Terr., F.O.M., Comm.) and Anarchists. In the first election the P. Terr. came to power under H. Brown. In the second a Cons./P. Natrl. coalition gained ascendancy under P. Till. (Coalitions were then banned). The third saw victory for Mr. Culverwell (cons.) and the fourth for Mr. Till and the Naturalists. (The chances are high that by the time you read this he will have been impeached. He has been P.M. for a full week, a Lockerovian record).

Our economy is almost non-existent, alas. Our currency, the glumph, is based on pornography. 1 glumph = 99 glibs, (26 1/4 glumphs = \$1.00 Canadian). As yet we have no trade and, in fact, we plan to assassinate the Minister of Trade and Commerce.

Civil servants: P. Till (P.M., Post-Master General, Terrorism), N. Culverwell (Treasurer), J. Sladek (Environment), G. Fox (Intelligence, Police, Trade), M. Allodi (History), J.J. Kerr (Cultural Affairs), M. Clarke (Mechanics), S. Daly (Defense), H. Brown (Defense), R. Allison (Miscellaneous).

Help a nation with teething troubles! Support the Lockerovian Glumph, the world's only pornography - based currency!

(Note - if you would like to conduct a rebellion, revolution or terrorist attack in or upon Lockerovia, contact the Ministry of Terrorism and apply for an assassination, revolution, rebellion, kidnapping or war license).



BACK ROW: Scott Daly, Mark Allodi, Ian Fowler, Paul Beattie, Jim LaForet, Bruce Alexander, Geoff Batten, Don Kellam, Nick Culverwell, Justin Hearn, Joel Bousfield, Carlo LePiane.,
FRONT ROW: Paul Till, Matthew Clarke, Stephen Cterar, Paul Keen, Charles McCormick, Rob Allison, Anthony Birozes, Geoff Browne, Scott Burk, Peter Anthony, John Sladek, Giles Fox, Davis Kanbergs.



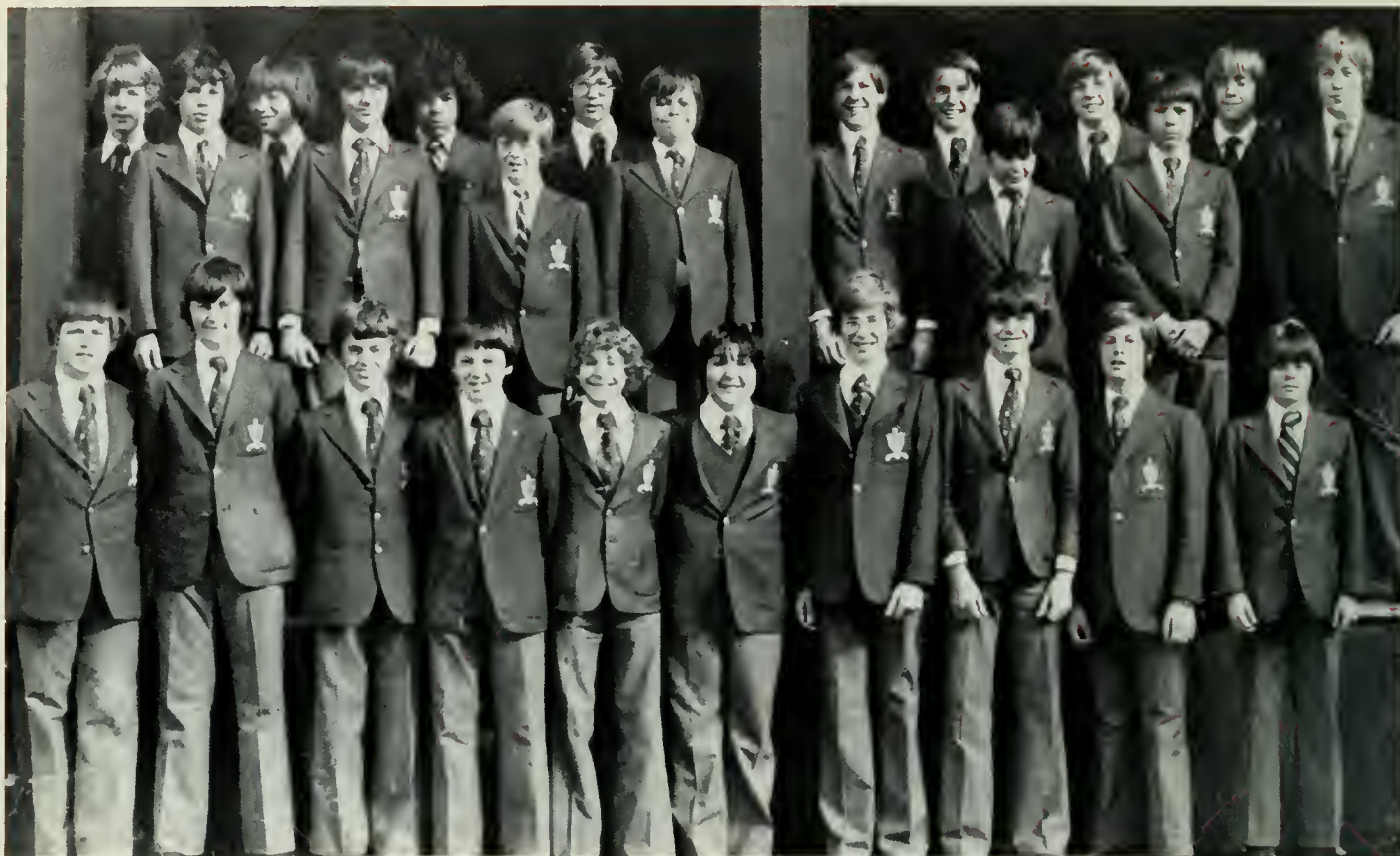
GRADE 9-2



BACK ROW: Miles Rideout, Jeff Mock, Chris Whitney, Stanley Janecek, Chris Edwards, David Pitman, Kevin Wiseman, Lauris Yorgason.
 MIDDLE ROW: Charles Northcott, Kent Paisley, Tim Volk, Chris Crassweller, Lee Weston, Kenneth Clarke, David Joy.
 FRONT ROW: Richard Taylor, Hugh Brown, Doug Smith, Marc Van Ginkle, Blake Jacobs, Stephen Murdoch, John Edwards.
 ABSENT: Doug North.

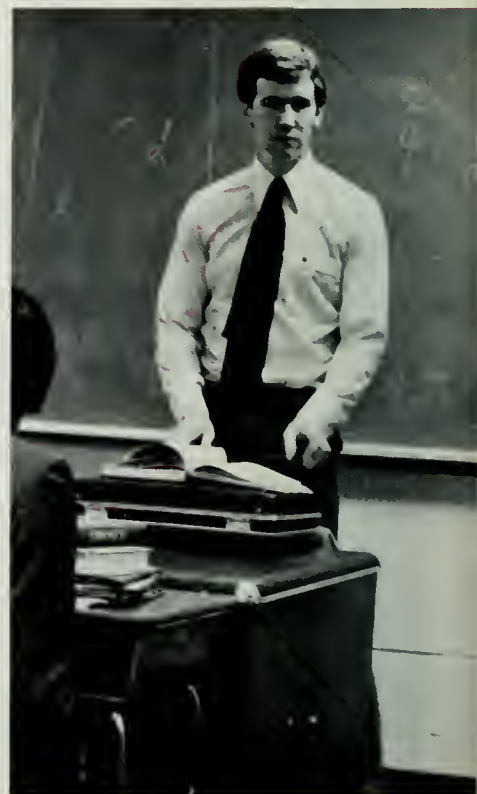


GRADE 8-1



BACK ROW: David Batten, James Brebner, Dave Gordon, Micheal Kostiuk, Andrew Rogers, Chris Golding, Michael Borsch, Tom Belch, Ian Crassweller, Anthony Gleasure, Tim Jewell, Andrew Abouchar.

FRONT ROW: John Gare, Fraser Clokie, Bill Jakes, Robert Anthony, Andre Czegledy-Nagy, John Confori, Patrick Hawkins, Tony Gray, Andrew LeFeuvre, David Burrows.



GRADE 8-2



BACK ROW: Kevin McCallum, Allan Howard, Anthony Wilson, Scott Lewis, Jamie Gilbert, Hugh Phillips, Kevin Smith.

MIDDLE ROW: James MacPherson, Stephen McMath, Eric Pringle, Andrew Merrick, Tom Fogden, Graham Morphy, Andrew Walker, Andrew Grieve.

FRONT ROW: Michael McGrath, Charles Jarjour, Jeffrey Stuart, David Woolcombe, William Walters, Michael Wynn, Timothy Watson, Graeme Morrison.

ABSENT: Andrew Knight.



GRADE 7-1



BACK ROW: Bill Houston, Richard Barbaro, James Hicks, Dougall Gordon.

MIDDLE ROW: William Henry, Ted Brezina, Steve Drawbell, Stewart Istvan, Roger Cattell, Tom Arkell, Paul Hawkins, Harty McKeown, Tim Henshaw.

FRONT ROW: Colin Hogg, Kevin Eden, Paul Darrigo, Rio MacGiffin, Jay Jacobs, Mark Clarke, Graeme Egan, Lester Hiraki, George Hodjera, Andrew Crerar, Steve Belch.



GRADE 7-2



BACK ROW: Damien Maundeote-Carter, Darryl Kereluik, John Murray, Jeff Ruseica.

MIDDLE ROW: David Tanovich, Mike Valentine, Chris Weymouth, Andrew Pace, David Turner, Brian Lomax, Mike Russell, Andrew Swinden, Guy Rideout.

FRONT ROW: Toomas Palo, Dave Nichols, Howard Sangwine, Chris Pelz, Mark Overbury, Tim Williams, Nigel White, Jamie Thompson, Ted Sankey.

ABSENT: Nick Norman, Scott Lambert, Alexei Marcilio.



GRADE 6



BACK ROW: Jeremy Wedgwood, Ian Edward, George Panos, Nicholas Marcilio.

MIDDLE ROW: Chris Gilbert, Jamie Moore, Paul Johnson, Jeremy Tindal, Liam Ball, Daniel Silver, Tony Hanley, Paul Shirer, D-J Clyde.

FRONT ROW: Alex Fogden, Jerney Graham, Scott Merrick, Chris Lynch, Peter Allison, Brian Chase, Mike Gare, Chris Osborne, Dana Crang, John MacIntosh.

ABSENT: Mark Halyk, George Skarbek-Borowski.



GRADE 5



BACK ROW: Charles Robinson, Jason Shirriff, Blake Macaskill, Kevin Healer.
MIDDLE ROW: Rohan Nicholls, David Hind-Smith, Nicholas Golding, Derek Archibald,
Tim Verbic, Piers Steel, David Direnfeld, Duncan Fells, Alastair McCully.
FRONT ROW: Cedric Lam, Frank Hassard, Stephen Beatty, John Boyd, Glen Chow,
Douglas Plaxton, Christian Hoffman, Geordie Crabbe, Peter Stevenson, Mr. Smith.



GRADE 4



FOURTH ROW: Doug Cornwall, Peter Istvan, John Freyman, Patrick Rea, Tim Walters, Mr. Baxter.
 THIRD ROW: Geoff White, Andrew Montgomery, Stephen Johnston, Roger White, Michael Grasley.
 SECOND ROW: Craig Loudon, John Sayers, William Tinmouth, Kyle Thompson, David Hewlett.
 FIRST ROW: Michael Henry, Neil MacDonald, Jonathan Wheler.

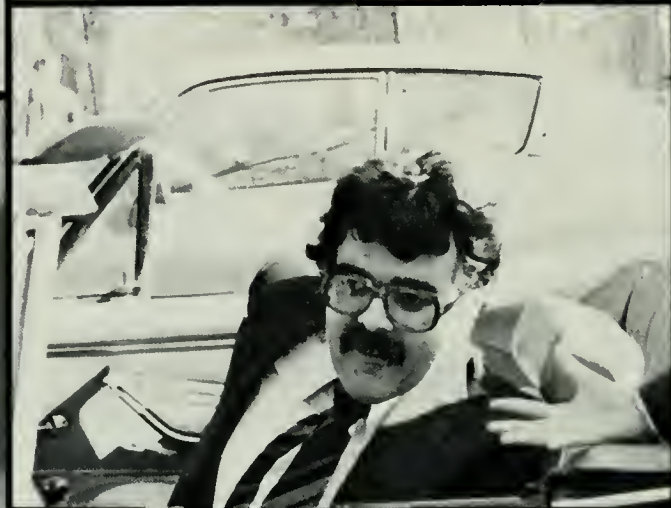
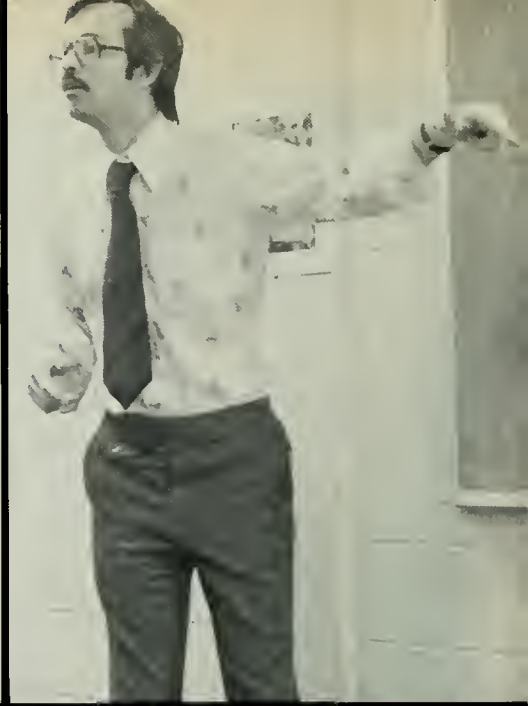


STAFF









FALL



FIRST SOCCER



BACK ROW: Eric Ferguson, Cam Crassweller, Graeme Rogers, Kevin Matthews, James Tasker, Fraser Phillips, John Miller.
MIDDLE ROW: Paul Lynch, Brent Shields, Terry King, Mark Hunter, James Brenzel.
FRONT ROW: Chris Dawson, John Sankey, Geoff Bernarde, Brian Hill, Doug Bell.

Saint George's soccer team this year was comprised of numerous seasoned veterans and a few new faces. It was expected that this year's team would do very well.

Our expectations were fulfilled at the I.S.A.A. soccer tournament held at Appleby College, where the team came up with a fine showing to win the consolation round. However, from that point onwards things did not go as well for the team as had been hoped. The lack of a coach combined with lack of school support saw the soccer team drop many games which could possibly have been won.

Fortunately, the season ended on a high point. The game against our rivals from Lonsdale Road was closely-contested with Saint George's defeated 3-2. The last game, at Appleby College saw not only team spirit in the field, but also on the sidelines, as some people from the school came to support the team. The result was 1-1.

That St. George's soccer be a success requires a team spirit that's not confined to the team only, but that is found throughout the school also. Without this essential, the soccer program cannot be successful.

Christopher Dawson

U16 SOCCER

Mr. Rutherford took the U16 soccer team through a very tough yet worthwhile season. With many injuries and few players, we managed to win or tie four of the nine games on our schedule. While this record tends to show a not so great season, a lot of losses were played very hard and with very close scores.

The high point of our season was a 2-1 victory over a very talented UCC team.

Leading scorers were Ian De Haas and Brad Hodgson, each with five goals.

Special thanks are due to Mr. Rutherford. With his precious time and coaching skills he made this year's U16 soccer team a great success.



BACK ROW: Arthur Kennedy, Ian De Haas, Bruce Lawes, Geoff Morphy, Brian Tobin.
MIDDLE ROW: Mr. Rutherford, Anthony Griffin, Brad Hodgson, James Osborne, Cameron Clokie.
FRONT ROW: Doug Jones, Cory Glynn, Greg Rice, Jeff Archibald.

U15 SOCCER

Wins
Ridley
St. Andrew's
Appleby
French School

Losses
2 St. Andrew's
2 UCC
2 Hillfield
Crescent
Appleby

Ties
Appleby
Pickering

The U15 soccer team had a fine season under the skillful coaching of Mr. Kiddell. The U15 played 14 games: 4 wins, 8 losses, and 2 ties; but our record doesn't reflect our playing. The players put out a very good effort. What we lacked skill, we made up for in our physical condition. We often got to the ball first and were aggressive. The team played in a tournament at Ridley where we played 3 games in which we won one, tied one, and lost one. Mr. Love should be thanked and commended for taking Mr. Kiddell's place during his absence. The team had a slight problem at the end of the season. Because of our heavy schedule we had very few practices but pulled through all right. I'd like to thank Mr. D'Arcy for taking the team in our last two games during Mr. Kiddell's stay at Norval. We won one game and tied the other. Finally I'd like to thank Mr. Kiddell on behalf of the whole team for his excellent coaching. I think we learned a lot.



BACK ROW: Jeff Mock, Stanley Janecek, Chris Crassweller, Ian Fowler, Charles McCormick, Mr. Kiddell.
MIDDLE ROW: Peter Anthony, Mark Allodi, Bruce Alexander, Paul Kean, John Edwards.
BOTTOM ROW: Steven Crerar, Anthony Birozes, Doug Smith, Geoff Brown, Rob Allison.



BACK ROW: T. Fogden, A. Gleasure, H. Phillips, S. McMath, Mr. Smith.
MIDDLE ROW: R. Anthony, T. Brezina, N. White, A. Marcilio, R. Cattell.
FRONT ROW: M. Valetine, H. McKeowan, R. MacGiffin, G. Egan.

U14 SOCCER

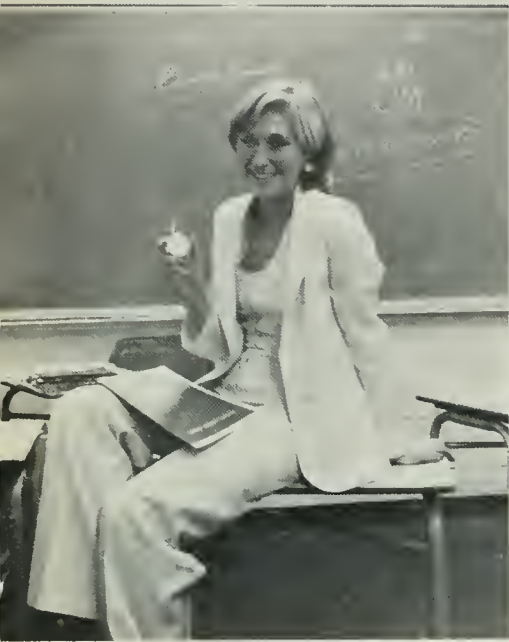
The Under 14 Soccer Team had a good season. With practises on our well-equipped back field (not too many scraped knees) after school every day, the Team was in shape in a couple of weeks. Captained by Hugh Phillips, assisted by Rob Anthony, the Team came off the season with an impressive win record, beating Ridley 5-0, Pickering 3-0, St. Andrew's 1-0, Hillfield 3-1 and Crescent 3-2. We lost to Appleby 4-1, 5-0, U.C.C. 1-0 and Hillfield 4-1.

Many thanks to Mr. Smith for his excellent coaching and driving.





BROWN READING



This year, as an experiment, the school invited Brown Reading Systems to operate their program for developing reading skills. The instruction time was interwoven into regular class time for about six weeks during the Fall Term. It was hoped that this method would cause the least disruption in normal school life, would be the fastest method, and would give the program its best chance for success. A follow-up test was given in May to help with evaluating the experiment. Whatever these results may show, the boys enjoyed the change in scenery provided by the instructors.



UNITED APPEAL

This year's campaign for the United Appeal was once again a great success. St. George's College was the top money raiser 'per capita!' of all the schools in Toronto. Over four thousand dollars were raised by the two hundred and fifty students in the Senior School. Surprisingly, the greatest part of this sum was produced by the younger members of the Senior School: grades Eight, Nine, and Ten all made exceptional efforts. Father Pegler's 10-1 class raised over one thousand dollars by themselves. By participating in everything from bike-a-thons to skate-a-thons and leap-frog marathons down Yonge St., St. George's College achieved a goal of which it should be proud. And next year, it is hoped that this year's great accomplishment will be surpassed.

"Thanks to you, it works for all of us."

Brian Hill, Mark Hunter



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

THE JUNIOR SCHOOL SUPPORTS CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL

In the spring of 1976, Canterbury Cathedral, 'The Mother Church of the Anglican Communion', launched an urgent appeal for funds in order to preserve and repair the fabric and glass of that ancient building and to establish financial support for the Choir of the Cathedral. Once this idea was put before the boys of the Junior School, they pitched into the raising of funds with a verve and dedication which amazed everyone - including themselves. The boys organized a walkathon, a bikeathon, a swimathon and a fair at which old comic books were sold for exorbitant prices, games of chance and skill of ingenious invention were operated, and delicious tarts, cakes and cookies (made by the mothers, not by the boys!) were sold and devoured on the spot. Within a relatively short time nearly three thousand dollars was raised. The boys went at it again in the 1977-78 year and raised another twenty-two hundred dollars. Special recognition must be accorded David Clyde, who ingeniously developed a plan for selling glass tumblers with the School crest in colour on each one. These proved so popular and David so businesslike that, by himself, David realized six hundred dollars for the Canterbury Cathedral Fund.

The Junior School boys were rewarded for their efforts by visits from several distinguished people associated with the Canterbury Cathedral Fund: The Right Honourable Roland Michener, former Governor-General of Canada and formerly a member of the Board of Governors of St. George's College; Sir Arthur Chetwynd, Canon Robinson, Treasurer of the Canterbury Cathedral Fund, and, as a climax, the Dean of Canterbury, himself. All of them expressed their admiration and gratitude to the boys of St. George's College for their splendid contribution and support. Well done, Junior School!



RIGHT: Rohan Nicholls accepting cheque to be delivered to Canterbury Cathedral on behalf of the Junior School.



WINTER



BASKETBALL

FIRST BASKETBALL

The basketball season at St. George's College this year ('77-'78) started with great enthusiasm and high hopes of a successful year. The Team and the School were saddened early in the season by the death of Ian Lomax. In him, St. George's lost a good friend and the Basketball Team lost a star. Another one of the team members, Bill Deacon, fell ill with "Mono". Despite these setbacks the Team showed great potential. But the opposition was very stiff with strong teams like Ridley giving St. George's quite a nosewipe. Ridley went on to win the League title having won every game, except one, in the past two years. That one game, incidentally, was won by St. George's Firsts in the season of '76-'77.

The Team will be severely handicapped next year since the bulk of the Team will be leaving the School, and as the new recruits are still quite young. But in the years ahead we will see teams stronger than ever, as boys are being taught the fundamentals at a much earlier stage.

The Basketball Team entered a tournament early in the season at Hillfield. The Team seemed to improve with every game and won the consolation round and a trophy, thanks to those great man-to-man and zone defenses and able coaching.

I would like to thank Mr. Tansey on behalf of the players who were on the Second Team of 1973. And special thanks to Mr. Dunkley from the Team of '78 for all these dedicated years of coaching. We also wish Fergusson, Linghorne, Brenzel and Hicks lots of luck next year, and you had better watch out for that First Old Boys' Basketball Team next year! !

P.S. Mr. Dunkley, we never heard any Sandy Hoyt stories!

P.S.S. G.R. did not go out for the big one!



BACK ROW: T. King, G. Ollers, R. Hector, D. Hicks, G. Rogers, Mr. Dunkley.
FRONT ROW: E. Fergusson, B. Shields, J. Brenzel, D. Bell, R. Linghorne.



SECOND BASKETBALL

This year's Under 16 Team was very successful due to the determination and effort given by everyone associated with the Team. With many new recruits to this year's team our first objectives were to get to know our fellow players, to establish team spirit and change the no-win record of last year's team.

The rebuilding of our Team during January was the reason for our slow start. We entered February on a winning note, beating Appleby, St. Andrew's and an extremely close game against Trinity that was a great boost in morale for the Team. After these wins, the Team took it as a compliment that the other private schools seemed obliged to send Under 17 or stacked Under 16 teams to play against us. By mid-February the flu hit the Team and we lost close games to Hillfield and Crescent. We broke this losing streak by out-playing Ridley and recording a well-earned win. Five days later we lost a close game to U.C.C.'s Under 17s. Our season culminated in a win over a stacked St. Andrew's team, 50-26. We ended the year with five wins and four losses against Under 16 teams, but this record does not truly reflect how well our Team played.

Everyone on the team gave their best all season, with highlights from Ron Cowan who scored 22 points against Hillfield, Chuck Houtby who finally got a point in our last game, and very strong performances from Stanley (Regi) Janacek, Bob Bird and Tom Riley.

Thanks must go to coach D'Arcy for his patience and persistence as he whipped us into a top-notch playing machine. Thanks must also be given to Al Campbell who as manager had to put up with us and make sure all the loose ends tied together. Thanks for a great year!



SECOND TEAM: BACK ROW: Mr. D'Arcy, A. Bousfield, T. Riley, G. Morphy, S. Janecet, B. Bird, A. Campbell.
FRONT ROW: A. Kennedy, C. Houtby, P. Keresteci.



THIRD TEAM: BACK ROW: P. Hawkins, M. Borsch, A. Gleasure, J. Gilbert, B. Alexander, A. Rogers, A. Abouchar.
FRONT ROW: A. Merrick, A. Czegledy-Nagy, M. McGrath, J. Brebner, B. Lomax, R. Allisor





SKIING



This year, we couldn't use the ski conditions as an excuse for not winning the I.S.A.A. trophy. Both the cross-country and alpine skiing was superb. On the whole, the Team had a good season. We worked hard, had a great deal of fun, and put forth some very solid results.

This year, we again hosted the I.S.A.A. Alpine Championships. Under the supervision of Mr. Kerr and Mr. Walker, Sean Dewart, Tim Ormsby and the Team worked together to produce a well-run race. In the senior division, St. George's College placed third, right behind U.C.C. and Lakefield (the winners). In the junior division, we placed fourth, with U.C.C. winning the trophy. Special mention must be given to David Trusler for his individual efforts. David placed first in the final race at Huntsville.

Our cross-country season was just as solid. Our 'waxticians' (David Trusler and James Tasker) rarely failed us. Lakefield hosted this year's I.S.A.A. finals. Despite an icy track, the race went over quite well. We placed fourth in the seniors and third in the juniors. T.C.S.'s strong team walked away with the senior trophy and Lakefield with the junior trophy.

I know with a little more training we will get there next year. Thank you Mr. Kerr and Mr. Walker for all your help in organizing and coaching. And thanks to all the boys who devoted their time and energy to the St. George's Ski Team. Good luck next year!

HOCKEY

Although this year's First Hockey Team was not classified as an 'A' division team when the season began, it ended the season with such a standing. The Team suffered a major loss of talent with the graduation of the class of 1976-77. Only eighteen players turned out to the tryouts in October. Coach Kiddell however, turned the core of veteran players and the equal size group of rookies into an above average team. The combination of new and old blood led the First Team to one of its most successful seasons ever.

The year was highlighted by the Peterborough Hockey Tournament in which school teams from all over the province met in a round-robin. St. George's, returning from a poor showing the previous year, surprised everyone including themselves at the Tournament. The Team captured a wild card birth to advance to the playoffs and their success continued until the finals when they lost to the overpowering team from St. Pete's, a Peterborough high school. Out of sixteen teams, S.G.C. finished second.

When the season ended, the Team boasted a 14 win, 10 loss record. Thanks must go to Mr. Kiddell, rookie coach of the First Team, Mark Hunter, scoring leader, Brian Hill, team captain, Fraser Phillips and John Millen, star defencemen, Nick Shilletto and Jim Carl, outstanding goaltenders and to the remainder of the Team. This year the First Team was a team in the true sense of the word.

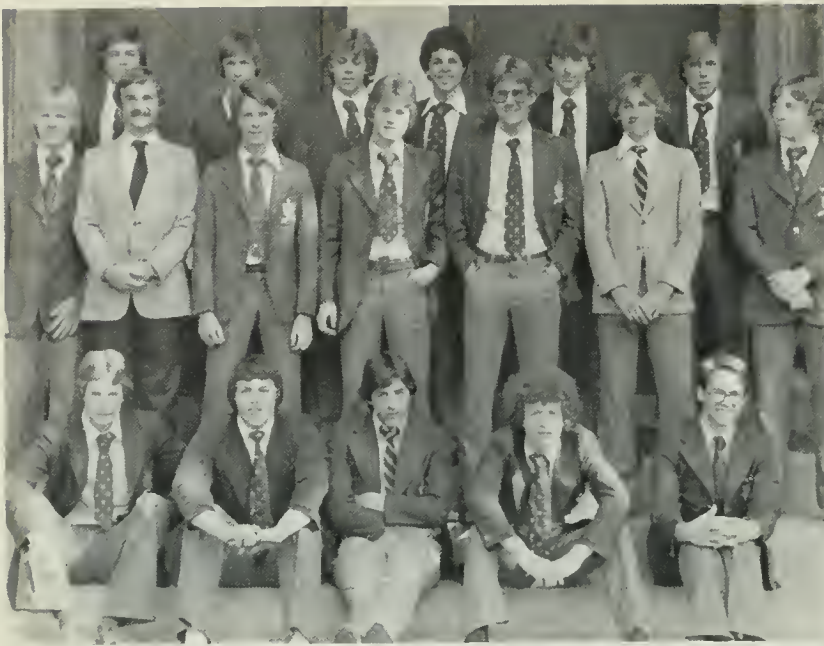
The Team would also like to thank Paul Lynch (manager) and Dr. Shilletto, whose support as Team Doctor and star fan was so much appreciated. Good luck next year - the 'A' Division will be tough.



BACK ROW: I. Houston, K. Matthews, J. Millen, L. Lawes, Mr. Richardson.
MIDDLE ROW: F. Phillips, S. McClaren, P. Gibson, M. Worral, G. Flint.
FRONT ROW: C. Crassweller, R. Koby, J. Carl, B. Hill, N. Shilletto, M. Hunter.



UNDER 17



BACK ROW: B. Lawes, R. Forgiel, J. Belch, D. Chaddock, H. Phillips, B. Campbell.
MIDDLE ROW: S. Dembrowski, Mr. Love, D. Hilliker, R. Shuttle, C. Winship, C. Clokie, B. Dafoe.
FRONT ROW: D. Guy, R. McClelland, P. Levitt, J. MacLachan, R. Secor.

The Under 17 Team, coached by Mr. Love, this year met with considerable success. With an abundance of talent, and having undergone two weeks of strenuous training, we went to Lakefield for our first game with high hopes; these were in no way diminished after the game as we had romped over the lakefield team 10-0. This was the first of many wins (10), against 6 losses and 1 tie.

Stand-out games this year included a game against a new member of the I.S.A.A., Lake Rosseau. Ours was the first team ever to travel up to Lake Rosseau to play their team. St. George's won 7-2. Another outstanding game was our 4-2 victory over a very tough T.C.S. second team. Also, with its excellent win-loss record, the Under 17 Team was invited to compete in the 1978 Metro Cup.

Thanks to all who took part in this year's team and special thanks to Mr. Love for making this season both enjoyable and competitive.



UNDER 15

The Under 15 Hockey Team enjoyed a very competitive season. Although the Team record was 4(w)-11(1)-1(t), most of the games featured excellent end-to-end action.

The team play featured the high powered scoring line of Browne, Smith and Zakuta, the smooth skating and excellent stick-handling line of Jakes, Biroze and Grieve, and the aggressive forechecking line of Clarke, de Haas, and Clokie or Taylor. On defense, Murphy, Hill, McMath, Fowler and Howard combined youth with experience to give the Team some exciting moments. In goal the artistry of Crerar, ably supported by Burk, more than once had the opponents shaking their heads.

As a footnote, the Team would like to thank Jack 'the Hammer' Ellis for his 'game coaching debut' which launched the Team on a four game winning streak. And thanks to Mr. Clayton, too.



BACK ROW: Mr. Clayton, D. Smith, J. Zakuta, I. DeHaas, A. Grieve, I. Fowler, B. Jakes, R. Taylor.
FRONT ROW: G. Browne, S. Burk, A. Birozes, S. Crerar, C. Murphy.







NORVAL

The first Science School was held for 50 Grade Eight boys at the Bolton Outdoor Education Centre in September, 1973. In that first venture, we were fortunate to receive financial assistance from the Ladies' Guild and the Students' Council. Three staff members were involved: Mr. Malcolm MacNeil, Mr. John Kiddell and Dr. Andrew Barlow. In addition, three other resource people contributed to a large extent to the programme.

In the first year we offered 17 different topics in the week. That necessitated 5 work periods a day, as well as finding time to work on field studies and general study periods. It transpired that even 6 staff people were insufficient to handle all of this. With such a strenuous work load, the boys had no time to themselves. (Consequently, now only 4 or 5 topics are covered in a week and far more time is spent on the field studies.)

In discussion with Mr. MacMillan (the Head of the Junior School) the Science Schools were extended down to Grade 4 for the following year. Upper Canada College had heard of our venture into outdoor education and encouraged us to use their facilities at Norval. Norval provided a situation that solved several difficulties. For example, instead of having to combine two classes as we did at Bolton, Norval only accommodated 25 boys (a single class) at one time. This, and the reduced teaching load, allowed us to run the programme for each grade with only 2 staff members.

Since the first year, the Science Schools have been totally self-sufficient, running completely on the fee charged, without financial assistance from the College or other groups. The programme has also been extended to include not only science, but also geography and history.









SCIENCE FAIR



The St. George's College Science Fair resurrected itself this year with admirable vivacity. Occurring in the middle of January, during one of the most blustery periods of this year's winter, it demonstrated a faintly disturbing but truly significant relationship between the temporal affairs of man and the physical phenomena of nature. For the Official Science Fair Executive, in performing its duties, chose this occasion to present to the view of all humanity an impassioned assertion concerning the very necessary co-existence of absolute freedom with youth. Thus, it barricaded itself into a back corner of Ketchum Hall stage; and, with a television set and a few bottles of cream-soda, it threw itself whole-heartedly into all manner of revelry.

Meanwhile, the Science Fair was experiencing a slight instability. The Cub Scouts had come the previous evening and rearranged the tables and then had re-rearranged them with astonishing inaccuracy. The marker cards, placed on these tables to denote the position of and provide a means of identification for each project, were subversively and effectively dealt with and had disappeared by Thursday morning. The projects themselves seemed to be changing positions with remarkable frequency, moving through the rooms from one end to the other, giving the whole Science Fair a delightful nomadic flavour.

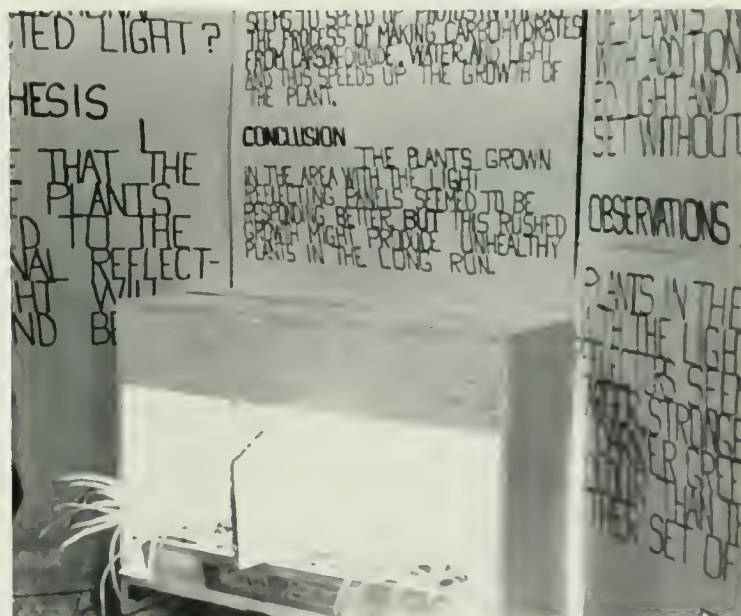
There existed, however, in the midst of this rabid disorder--this overwhelming manifestation of man's innate desire to return to the cave--a few traces and pockets of civilization. Most projects seemed to be in the final stages of their development when brought in on Wednesday morning and after two days of, in many cases, feverish labour and drastic change, they stood completed on Thursday evening ready to be observed by what evolved as a very large crowd of viewers. On Friday morning the judging of the projects took place. To this end, eighteen men and women of science had been recruited from various educational institutions. In accordance with their decisions, eighty-one projects were decorated. The final public

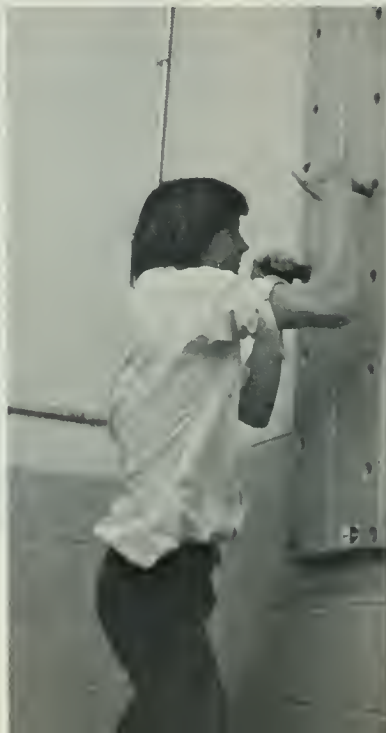




viewing occurred on Friday evening, following which all projects were turbulently removed.

Thanks are due to James Carl, who spent many hours wrestling with fuse boxes and extension cords and who provided to all the executive—to avert the impending spectre of electrical fires—an excellent demonstration on the use of the fire-extinguisher.







ARTS

VINCENT VAN GOGH:
WHEATFIELD WITH CYPRESSES

The wheatfield and the cypresses
rise from undersea depths
— or we sink down:

a vision, seen distorted
through the sea-currents.

The scene itself is real;
the colours are land-colours:
an unmistakable sky,
a windy wheatfield,
rounded blue hills on the close horizon.

There, I could touch the sky,
sift the streaming, rolling clouds,
one foot in the gold, one
in the green before the blue,
between the seaweed-cypress
and the anemone-bush;

and my outlines would waver,
gigantic.

I. Upjohn

THE OLD MILL

Now silence churns in the old mill
Invaded only by those who seek it.
Rows of chipped grey stone
Disguise dusty memories that
Shimmer, float, and then fall.

The wheel ceases to grind.
Time is out of joint here -
At first the new feelings brings confusion.
Slowly, though, I begin to enjoy
The mood of motionlessness.

Standing still by the window
I see a fast and foamy river flow by.
No longer do I fear its power.
I turn to hear
The gentle gurgle of water against wood.
Remembering that the wheel won't move,
I pace back and forth
Enjoying the firmness of the stone floor.

G. Rogers

EQUALITY

You may dance with me in celebration.
You may walk beside me in unity.
I will no longer walk behind you.

B. Deacon

KING OF WINOS

(Reflections on a wino begging in a doorway
on Yonge Street, one rainy, windy evening)

In golden doorway he doth reside..
In glorious refuge
From four winds' wail
And Zeus' might.
Cap of plenty
Rests lightly at his feet,
From which shine
His subjects' dues,
Such wealth.

Two dollars and eighty-five cents
In nickels and dimes.

Aye,
There he doth reside,
In splendour non-existent.
King of Winos.

Spare change Mistuh?
Can ya spare a dime for a coffee?

Dressed in filthy raiment splendid
He doth hold court
From his mighty throne of steps
But it is late
And to his barred bedchamber he must go,
Honour guard, in blue,
Escorts him to his chariot golden -
With pride and dignity he descends.

T. King

A thousand and one miles exact -
In circumference.
One hundred and five degrees on lean, precise;
Slanted just so.
Rotating at incredible rates,
Varying.

A million or so years of age -
Old.
Chilled in dark colouring, black;
As is, dead.
No support
To life, For;
There is no life.

A thousand and ten miles exact -
In circumference.
One hundred and five degrees on lean, precise;
Slanted,
Just so,
And so, forever.

G. Stanley-Paul

CREMATION BY COMPUTER

Lying still-absorbing the surroundings;
a feeling of confinement.
One by one the others are wheeled in;
I await my turn.

Lying still-absorbing the surroundings;
becoming uneasy.
All are gone, I'm the only one left.
They're calling for me.

Lying still-absorbing the surroundings;
the heat of tension.
Melting away from the burning pressure -
they rake me over the coals.

Shake me down, grind me up-
a feeling of loneliness.
Dust to dust-ashes to ashes:
I'm just another number.

C. Cook



ST GEORGE
AND
DRAGON

DRIPS

Slowly
It flowed,
Drifting down the side of the window
Meandering endlessly
The drop was
Hesitant - not quite sure
Which path to take.
Meeting others that were
Stagnant and stranded -
Islands of liquid in a sea of glass
Sitting.
As they met, they joined.
Larger it became
More assertive, not
Worrying where it went.
The drop ventured
Away
Away it went urged by gravity.
But soon it was too
Small
To carry on - it
Stood, still.
The path had ended.
Soon the sun shone
Down on the window
Dry.

J. Millen

I went to see the show
- one told to me by friends
"A one of war,
of guts and gore,
of hatred that never ends! "

A queer idea at heart
- surely not my kind
It holds no sense
- doesn't stand a chance
against a beer and peace of mind.

J. Carl

NOVEMBER ROSE

Under the lead-gray sky
and denuded maples,
among the drab decay
of scattered leaves dying,
it stood alone.

The pink petals shone out
in brilliant contrast to
their surroundings.

Petrified;
With the sickly greens and
browns of grass and leaves, Death's
crystal shellac had preserved
this last ray of beauty.

It looked foreign in this
silent scene of sombre decay.

Here, the young rose
served no apparent purpose
All other life had
abandoned it in this
diseased world.
Like a neglected infant
it remained, helpless.

Through the acrid mist I
was drawn to this solitary
ray of colour.
Kneeling to gaze, I caught
the last instant of life,
that sweet scent,
hanging on the frosty air.

A surge of warmth surged through my
chilled body.

D. Turney



Jim Carl

FEAR IS A BLACK PANTHER

The raw, hysterical laugh of a jungle bird reverberated harshly through the trees. With a hushed tapping sound, the water from tropical rains sifted down through the dense foliage overhead hours after the storm had ceased. Hovering jungle mist formed their fluted columns of light wherever the sun pierced the serried tropical growth.

Tensely, Jones raised his helmeted head over the edge of the rudimentary camouflage which he had erected around himself. His uniform was soaked with sweat and warm rain and was steaming from the intense heat of the jungle. Jones' tired face, covered with red stubble and grime, showed the strain of jungle warfare. The weeks of heat, sweat, and dirt, intensified by the feeling of a silent Japanese knife between the shoulder blades, had reduced this formerly calm, confident, and capable man to a pulsating bundle of nerves, jerking and starting at the slightest sound.

A twig snapped. Jones spun around and saw nothing but jungle. The screech of a bird, directly overhead, made him start.

He relaxed momentarily and cursed softly. With shaking hands, he withdrew a sodden cigarette from his breast pocket and inserted it between his lips. After lighting it, he again returned to his vigil. Every sound made him grip his rifle a little more tightly; every movement of the jungle leaves seemed to eat away a little of his mental stability. Meanwhile, the voice of the jungle laughed on.

"Nothing to shoot at, nothing to see," thought Jones, "It's enough to drive you crazy. You never see a Jap, but every day our guys are found dead with knives in their backs."

He turned around as if expecting to see a blade gleaming behind him. He shuddered and peered into the dense undergrowth.

Somewhere, in the back of Jones' mind, fear was beginning to gnaw at him. He visualized a great cat slinking toward him, relentlessly, menacingly.

"It creeps up on you, just like a big black panther," thought Jones. "A big, thin sinewy one." In his mind he saw the great cat stepping gingerly toward him. It stopped, looked at him, blinked, and leered. It came a step closer, sat down reminiscent of a fastidious old lady.

"So you think I'm your next victim, do you?" "Well it won't work, see?" said Jones softly. The panther looked up, mockingly, and an evil grin seemed to steal over its face. Jones became increasingly uneasy, and the panther, seeming to sense his mood, began to stir apprehensively.

Suddenly, the great cat tensed. A twig snapped Jones whirled and caught a glimpse of a yellow, slit-eyed face, as hard as a cameo. Below it gleamed a blade. Then, more terrible still, he saw the great black head of the panther, its yellow eyes filled with venom, superimposed upon the image of the Japanese. Together they sprang at Jones.

Under the force of the impact, Jones fell down with the thrashing body of the Japanese on top of him. The knife gleamed above him and descended. With strength born of panic, Jones clutched the wrist of the Japanese and rolled over. Then, with all his strength he forced the hand down, and down, slowly, until the blade vanished, inch by inch, into the heaving chest of the Japanese. With a shudder, the body released. Jones stood up, shaking.

The panther reared up on its haunches and uttered an inaudible scream of pain and fear, striking at the air with its mighty paws. But it was beaten. With eyes full of hatred, it glared at Jones who faced it calmly, defiantly.

Then, with a sudden movement, the panther turned and slunk, as a fleeting shadow, out of sight.

A few moments more, and the jungle resumed its unending cacophony of sound. A tall, thin ray of sunlight fell on Jones. He looked up and smiled at the sky.

He had confronted, subdued, and triumphed over the black panther, and it would not return for many days.

R. King

NATURE'S WAY

From the brook came a
Crisp cracking of branches
Which eventually silenced with a thud.
Near a rock, a clump of rustic brown convulsed,
Nestled in a bunch of bent feathers.
Though punctured by an arrow,
Only a glossy gaze hinted signs of torture,
Flopping and flapping, it rolled
Toward the smirked boy who began to re-load his bow.

G. Rogers

One day when little Fraufrau woke up he found his little hut had fallen on him. This happened every day when the sun came out early. That happened because the mud around the hut got loose. His mother always said: Have a good breakfast before you do hard work. So little Fraufrau went out hunting for leopards. He got a big one and the whole town had a feast. Of course it was a very small town. After that he went for his normal day bath. What he called a bathtub was really a pond. After that he went to school. He was learning how to add and subtract. Then he came home.

G. Crabbe

THE ELIMINATOR

To be locked up in a room of guilt in which your conscience is your only guilt. To be thrown into an iron cage and have your mind turned into rage. You look behind the dusty blinds, you try to read between the lines. You bang away at your mind to see if you can find and exterminate me, and if you can't don't worry now, for now you will take your final bow. I am called the fatal seize the kiss of death the unending disease. I'll take you back so you will find that in your ignorance I made you blind. I took you to your ultimate high, but now my friend it's time to die. I am hell the goddess of pain and in my rule you can't gain. You should have realized have looked and seen, I am the rendering spirit and being. I am the eliminator, I pulled the plug. I am the needle the pill the drug -----

P. Stevenson

A NORMAL DAY IN AFRICA

Every day little Wana goes out and picks the best coco beans; he likes chocolate taste. He comes home and sells the beans for five sentinous a dozen. Then he crosses the waterfall on the rope bridge. Some days he might meet a friendly monkey on the way. At the other side he eats his only meal of the day, which is two bananas and one pineapple shell of water. Sometimes when he gets home there is a spider which he kills.

The End

N. Golding

HOMETOWN RECOLLECTIONS

I was back in my hometown, Maple River. I wanted to see what had changed and what had not in the twenty years I had been away. I was especially interested in one old house. As I walked down the lane, I noticed the trees had grown bigger and the hedge I used to jump over was now six feet high. But as I turned the corner, the old house looked just the same. The ivy was so thick that you couldn't see the brick. The first steps were still broken, and with a quick jump I made it up onto the porch. The top hinge on the door had rusted away, and the two front windows were shattered, glass strewn about the porch. Making my way through the door, I could see white sheets draped over the remaining furniture. As I peered into the kitchen I was amazed to see the same jar of jam with new spider webs. Twenty years ago I thought this house was haunted but now, I realized, it is just old. Now I know how old I really am.

S. Lambert

TIBERIUS
A SHORT DRAMATIC SKETCH IN THE GREEK MODE

Dramatis Personae:

Tiberius-emperor of Rome

Caligula-great-nephew to Tiberius

Messengers-From Egypt, Greece, Germany, and Rome.

Chorus-of aristocrats-clients, supplicants, and officers.

Scene: a chamber in the palace of Tiberius on the island of Capreae,
C. 32 A.D.

The setting is a large bare room, furnished only with wall hangings in the shadows. All gloomy. Enter Caligula, a dark hunched figure working about the back wall. He moves to center stage and straightens his gaunt face and blurring eyes into the light.

CALIGULA - How much longer will he live, the tyrant?
Bitterly he holds to life, miserable,
Loathed by all decent men for his crimes,
Venting his self-disgust in senseless murder.
Jealously guarding his private power
He does not rule, but tempts us, plays a game,
Ensnarers men with their pride and sense of duty
Who shudder to see proud Rome thus abused.
My father, Germanicus, grieved to see
Our enemies mock Rome with cowardice
Brought war across the Rhine; to die, disgraced,
Murdered, perhaps, by the jealous tyrant.
So too my brothers, denouncing the crime,
Defending a citizens rights, murdered.
I feel his cold grey eyes on me, searching, -
Mocking my human faults, my ambition
With his beastly and sadistic pride - Hush!
I hear footsteps echoing in the hall.

Caligula withdraws into darkness to rear of stage.
Enter Chorus.

CHORUS - I hear footsteps echoing in the hall.
Silence - the curtains flutter restlessly.
A cold draught of fear in the empty room.
I hear the rattle of chains, the clanging
Of a prison door, the crack of a whip,
The hiss of hot iron on flesh, a sudden
Scream of anguish: ghost of a long-dead slave.
In the hot sunlight I hear clashing steel,
The grunts of slaves and cheers of spectators.
I hear laughter through the empty halls,
Haunted by death, corrupt insanity;
Numb horror sickens the mind, depravity
Festers amidst the blood of dying Rome.

Enter Tiberius, an old man in his seventies.

TIBERIUS - Greetings, citizens.
With what unwelcome news, what monotonous
complaints,
What tiresome petitions have you come today,
To disturb an old man's rest?

Fades away as Caligula advances and begins "aside".

CALIGULA - He loaths the obsequious fools, cringing
At his feet. they come subtly flattering
To blame him for their latest executions,
The most recent revolts and famines.
But he looks at them with such patience.
With gentle reproach in his cold grey eyes-
He will not be their scapegoat.

Enter 4 messengers. They salute Tiberius.

MESSENGER 1 - I come from the East, with ominous news:
Dissatisfaction in Alexandria,
rioting in the harbour against us.
At Thebes the sacred calf is dead:
No other can be found to take its place.
The Nile flood was low, the crops will be poor;
Drought scorches the coast, and famine is
widespread.
Palestine is discontent, in revolt:
A Jew nailed to a barren cross.
The King of Parthia, again at war,
Has crowned his son king of Armenia,
And mocks our Roman virtue and valour.

CHORUS - We are dishonoured, insulted, degraded,
We, citizens of Rome, to bear this disgrace,
Where are the true Roman generals, guardians of our
heritage.
Pompey, Caesar, Crassus, Antony: will not
Their ghosts rise up against this outrage?
Tiberius, Imperator, lead us,
As you have before, to avenge this disgrace;
Send the legions into Parthia, echo
The martial glories of the past; prosper
The East with your success; relieve our shame.

TIBERIUS - I have fought Parthia; I have campaigned
A long summer in the mountains of Armenia,
I have seen the ravaged villages smouldering,
The endless series of hill-forts taken
One by one at great loss of Roman blood.
I have myself regained Crassus' eagles
Seized as he fell, defeated and murdered.
War is bloody, dirty, wasteful death;
I will not wage war on Parthia.

CHORUS - I see the barren hills of Armenia
Baked dry in the bright hot wintertime sun.
I see the Nile, low in her banks, stagnant;
Egypt, like a beautiful woman, timeless,
I see, but cold, sterile, peaceful in-death.
I see vultures, black above the still beach.
The white sands, drunk deep on Pompey's blood,
And thereby made fertile, I see washed clean.
Emptiness, horror, and death, I feel death everywhere.

MESSENGER 2 - In Greece, the same. The winds becalm the sea
 All commerce ceased, the towns grow silent.
 Disease blights the earth, the land is deserted,
 Stripped of inhabitants, livestock, houses.
 Whole cities in Asia destroyed by earthquakes,
 Wolves, on the heels of famine, prowl about
 Deserted villages; their howling waken ghosts
 At Philippi - empty hills crowned by altars
 To men who fought for our prosperity.

CALIGULA - When you passed Philippi, they say
 The altars burst into flame; a portent
 Of supreme power you have ill fulfilled.
 The gods grow angry with your disrespect,
 Strike us with famine, death, disease; For you,
 Blessed by power, scorn their gifts and rule not:
 Chosen to lead men and led us astray
 And bring the punishment of gods upon its.

MESSENGER 3 - I have come from Germany, the Rhine frontier,
 With tidings of disquietude and fear.
 Across the Rhine, the German tribes prepare
 For war, raiding each other and ourselves.
 In the valley smoke hangs in the still air;
 Settlers cleaving the land, felling mighty oaks.
 In the thick woods bears still roam at night,
 The frost is still in the ground, in May
 The blossoms are late. The mistletoe lies
 Withered on the branch, the sun still in the south.
 To the east a dark and threatening mass
 Remains, Uncertainty settles on the villages
 Huddled silently amidst the dying oaks.

CHORUS - The Roman peace is uneasy. Even here
 Cold foreboding chills the heart and spirit;
 Damp vulnerable fear, unhealthful, insane,
 Corrupts courage, Roman virtue, in our breasts.
 What fate is ours without the bold men
 Who proudly upheld our tradition of strength.
 Son and grandson of a Caesar, lead us!

TIBERIUS - In my youth I led you against Germany,
 Victorious legions, as far as the Albus.
 Later, the natives rose in revolt,
 Surrounded and destroyed Varus' army.
 I passed the spot, deep in a dark forest,
 Where three legions perished; a swamp, covered
 In mossy wood and twisted trees, shaded
 By great oaks; Fifteen thousand men lay dead,
 White bones shining on rotting defense-works:
 This same fate awaits us across the Rhine.

CHORUS - Germanicus you sent across the Rhine,
 To reduce the tribes hostile to Rome;
 But, jealous of his victories recalled him,
 Sent him to the East and had him murdered.
 Because he dared to emulate Caesar,
 To serve the gods and recall feats of arms
 Of the True Romans of the past!

MESSENGER 4 - From Rome I come with news of more despair
 More executions in the senate, revenge.
 Children's bodies thrown down the mourning stairs.
 Through the streets the mob drags Roman corpses,
 To the Tibur, which floods and spreads disease.
 Ravens are seen perched upon the gates;
 Ominous portents disturb citizens' sleep;
 Statues in the capitol sweat blood;
 Auspices are unfavourable, and in the Forum
 An unnatural silence has settled.

CHORUS - What state of things have come to pass in Rome
 When a Claudius rules as princeps.
 The gods are angry, they demand redress,
 Propitiation for the cowardice
 Of him who will not die for his country
 But lives on into depraved senility;
 Who will not fight for Rome, who will not purge
 Our unmanliness in war, but allows us
 To enervate, impotence to fester,
 And Roman's nobility in turpitude
 To sink, in self-destructive civil strife,
 Eroding our virtue in depravity.

TIBERIUS - I received the Republic from my father
 An aimless state, drained by long years of war
 Subservient from years of tyranny;
 Augustus gave his life to you, he worked
 To instill the old virtue and vigour,
 To place the Republic back on its feet.
 I wish only to complete his work.
 The failure is your own. You would not take
 Responsibility - you greeted me
 With flattery, arrested my detractors
 Voted me a god-

CHORUS - To you we offered
 Divine honours, as the other Caesars.
 But you refused them; you betrayed the state;
 Left us leaderless, became a tyrant.
 Long have we fed you at the state's expense,
 Long has your wickedness gone unpunished
 Death and disease, plague and famine, you brought;
 For your sin the oaks have withered.
 Leave us now, tyrant, go to a lonely death.

They drive him off.

CALIGULA - Thus they blame him for his tyranny,
 Punish him for their faults and failure
 But the years of war have passed, the years of peace
 Begin. Famine, disease, and drought will pass,
 Life will go on in the farmer's cottage,
 In the city trade will flourish again:
 For the Roman peace will last, Tiberius'
 Gift, when bloody civil war again erupts.
 All will go on as usual.
 For the price of insanity, depravity,
 Sickness, sorrow, death, is paid
 By us alone. Thus the old man lives on
 Senile, sick, dying, for the good of Rome.

Paul Jennings

DANCE

The movement is quiet, supple.
All is right there, where none
grab or jostle. Prance, leap -
a faint turn of a delicate
wrist. Soft flashes streak across
the stage. All is perfect; no
threats - just promises of beauty.

D. Bell

MOVEMENT

The enemy, near, unseen, unheard,
But for the crackling on the radio.

Tension clawing at their fingers
Ready to touch the cold metal hook.
Palms sweating
And eyes like those of a stalking cat.

A rustle.
Branches wave and birds, alarmed,
Fly off in a confusion of squawks.

Fingers become like those of a dead man,
Barrels swing.
They freeze, ready to pounce,
Sleek,
 Poised,
 Waiting.

M. Ness

In the streets and alleys of the dark metropolis
The dead were piled in disarray.
The city was deep in a hollow abyss
No fighting now, in silence it lay.

What once thrived with people of every tongue
Took what seemed an endless time to die.
The buildings still echoed the pain and the
 suffering of the young,
As it fell like a man blinded by the great
 apocalypse on high.

R. King

NORDIC WAR

Amid the shell of some burned-out fjord
Village, bombed by a Prussian's honourable word
Of command - another forgotten Guernica;
And a smouldering, deserted replica
Of Belgrade, Dresden, or Stalingrad:
In 4 hours over 8000 dead.

Fog drifted in from the sea, flowing
And twisting, covering the village in
Nordic mystic hazy ghosts;
Shapes of Gods and fallen heroes
Of days not yet completely past.
Their chests tight as though gassed
By the heavy air, the doughty defenders,
Like Vikings, manning the monstrous mouths
Of hideous dragons, pointed prows
Of 100-mm guns. And distant thunder
Sounded ominously like Thor in anger.

Then with blinding suddenness out of the mist
Shot a black plane, strafing.
Six warriors fell from chance bullets.

P. Jennings

A RIVER'S JOURNEY

It started as a whispering stream
Flirting among the rocks
A glimmer of light
Amidst the dark surroundings.

Flashing, leaping among speckled stone
Splattering leafy green and smudged ochre
On washed living earth carving a swath
Of colours heaped on earthen banks.

Lazily, tranquilly drifting forward,
Loitering in a drunken stupor
Life-blood to sun-baked seas
And drifting isles of green.

Cement-fenced and iron-shackled -
Guided through symmetric lifeless banks
Blood-drained pumped full of machine waste
And left to die.

M. LeFevre

TWO WORLDS - ONE PLACE

Shadows loiter in corners
Where painted faces flaunt
And expressive faces
Once blank
Wander by
(No longer hurrying)
Predominant grey
Gives way
To multi-colour
Reflective of desires
Arisen
From day-time subjugation.

Pin-striped executives
Day-time denizens
Replaced by jean-clad youth
Come to taste
Night-time treasures
Unfound in blank halls
Of day-time institutions.

Sharp-edged buildings
Grey stone monoliths
Softened by neon lights
Colours of the spectrum
Cold-edged sound
Of day-time rushing
Spurred by demands
Of business
Replaced by softer tone
Of humanity enjoying
Tinged with warm laughter
A sound unheard by day

Two worlds in one place
Separated by twilight zone
Of meals and grey dusk.
A time of Metamorphosis.

T. King



Jim Carl

SHOOT THE WUMPUS

Worthless unless pre-meditated. Thus, he chose temporary escape. He punched in "Move." "To which room?" This question was beyond logic; having no supplementary data, he could only make an arbitrary choice. "11." "You are in room 11. You may move to rooms, 2, 6, or 7. Move or shoot?" He felt relieved; the correct choice had been made. He could move into either 6 or 7 with impunity. Again, however, it required an arbitrary choice. "Move." "To which room?" "7." "You are in room 7. You may move to rooms 3, 11, or 19. You hear rustling. Move or shoot?" This was a critical move. If he went to a new room he risked meeting an early death at the claws of the bats. It was undesirable to take chances, especially since he had another, safer route open to him, i.e. to move back to room 11, then into 6. "Move." "To which room?" "11." "You are in room 11. You may move to rooms 7, 6, or 19. Move or shoot?" "Move." "To which room?" "6." You are in room 6. You may move into rooms 1, 3, or 11. You hear rustling. Move or shoot?" "Move." "To which room?" He paused for a moment. At room 7 he had learned that bats occupied room 3 or room 11. At room 6 he had learned that bats occupied room 3 or room 1. It was most likely that bats were in only one of the rooms; the chances were 1140 to 1 against their being in all three, 63.3 to 1 against their being in two but only 6.7 to 1 against their being in 1. If the latter were the case, then that room must be 3; had they been in room 1 then no warning would have been issued when he was at room 7, or had they been in room 19 the present warning would have been inaccurate. Therefore, there was a 95 per cent chance that room 1 would be safe." "1". "You are in room 1. You may move to rooms 3, 6, or 9. You hear rustling. Move or shoot?" He grinned. This was yet another indication that his supposition placing the bats in room 3 was correct. Thus, if the bats were in room 3, chances were 63.3 to 1 that they were not in room 9. "Move." "To which room?" "9". "You are in room 9. You may move to rooms 1, 10, or 18. You smell a Wumpus." This was it! At room 2 he had learned that the Wumpus was either in rooms 17 or 18. Now he was told that it was either in room 10 or 18. If it were in room 17 it could not be in room 10 or 18. If it were in room 10 it could not be in room 17 or 18. Therefore it must be in room 18. The delicious moment had arrived; it simply remained to shoot an arrow into the eighteenth room and the loathsome Wumpus would be effectively annihilated—removed from its temporal-spatial sphere and sent to rot in perdition.

"Shoot". "Into which room?" "18" Missed". The Wumpus is after you. It is in room 9. Move or shoot." "Illogical. The Wumpus was sleeping in room 18; I made none of the specified noises and therefore could not have awakened it." "It could not sleep". "That is a non-sequeter. The possibility of his inability to sleep was not postulated; you have introduced an independent variable". "Move or shoot?" "you are in error!" "Move or shoot?" Bitterly, he replied, "Move". "To which room?" "18" "You are in room 18. You may move to rooms 2, 5, or 12. You hear rustling. The Wumpus is chasing you. It is in room 5. Move or shoot?" "Shoot." "Into which room?" "5"/ "Congratulations, you have just killed the Wumpus". He emitted a hoarse cheer. But the computer continued, "gn/R-games." The computer typed out a long list, from which he selected one: "Wumpus". If then asked if it ought to print the instructions, with the simple query, "Rules?" "Yes", was his reply. "Shoot The

Wumpus. You desire to eradicate a particular Wumpus; you are therefore searching for it in its cave. You are armed with a bow and three arrows. In its cave there are 20 rooms. It is sleeping in one of them. Each room is accessible from 3 others. To kill the Wumpus, you must find your way into one of the 3 rooms adjoining its own and shoot an arrow into it. At any point you are permitted either to move to another room or to shoot. If you shoot blindly, that is, without knowing in which room the Wumpus is sleeping (which you may do at any time) and you miss, the clatter that the arrow makes as it hits the walls of the room into which it has been shot will awaken the Wumpus and it will find you, corner you and eat you. Furthermore in some rooms deep pits, and in others insidious bats are located. If you enter any of these rooms, you will meet your death.

In order to preserve you in this quest (so fraught with adversity) a warning will be provided if you enter a room adjoining one in which any of the dangers are housed. Thus, if you 'feel a draft', beware of the pits, if you 'hear rustling' beware of the bats, and if you 'smell a Wumpus' beware of the Wumpus. At the beginning of each turn you will be told which room you are in, which rooms you can move to, and which dangers lie ahead. Good luck.....Ready?"

He read the instructions carefully, re-read them, and having made sure that he understood them implicitly, punched in, "Ready". The machine reacted immediately. The little panel of pink lights lit up and they began to flash on and off. The dull, implacable drone lifted somewhat, then broke into an almost melodious series of blips. It began to type: "You are in room 2. You may move to rooms 11, 17, or 18. You feel a draft. You smell a Wumpus. Move or shoot?"

He considered the question carefully. If he were to shoot he would have a 33 per cent chance of killing the Wumpus, since it lay in one of the 3 adjoining rooms, but a 67 per cent chance of missing and being chased and eventually eaten. Conversely, if he moved, he would have a 33 per cent chance of stumbling into the room of the Wumpus and being eaten, a 33 per cent chance of falling into a pit, and a 33 per cent chance of reaching safety. In either case, he had a 67 per cent chance of meeting his demise. Yet the first course offered an assured 33 per cent chance of success, since he would either hit the Wumpus, or not, while the latter course did not, since it contained several variables. That is to say, even if he did escape the Wumpus and the pits, there were still other pits, other passages leading to the Wumpus and of course, the insidious bats. However, the pleasures of the hunt appealed to him; he found it far more attractive to murder the slumbering Wumpus after having carefully explored its cave and discovered its lair than merely to rely upon the caprice of fate in shooting blindly into an arbitrarily chosen room. In short he felt that his actions would be "You are in room 18; there are 9 Wumpuses converging upon you. From several directions. Move or shoot?" "But this is impossible - you are generating fraudulent data." "Error-Move or Shoot." In desperation he decided to shoot. "Shoot." "Into which room?" "12" "Congratulations, you have just killed a bat. Your arrows are gone. The Wumpuses are upon you. Move? He gnashed his teeth in fury; he was being masticated by illegitimate Wumpuses. "You have just been eaten. Another game?"

Ian Wilks, 12



MIDNIGHT FEAST

She sniffs the midnight air
It has the smell of spring
Of grass, of musk, and of
Tonight's fried-fish dinner.

Her eyes open and focus
Into the dark; black pools
Surrounded by pale yellow rings.
They stare, glass-like, waiting.

Her tail begins to slowly swing
Back and forth; a long, striped,
Furry snake, moving over
A pink-blanket jungle.

Ears back, whiskers forward,
She silently leaps to the wooden floor,
Cushioned by her padded feline paws.
Carefully she starts down the dim hall.

Somewhere, in the dark, a tiny creature stirs,
Unaware that the yellow eyes are watching.
Drawing close, the cat springs and pounces;
A shrill squeak, and then a long silence.

Flesh is torn, bones are cracked,
And all is gone in a few gulps.
She sits contentedly licking her paws,
Then settles down for a restful sleep.

N. Martin-Sperry

The park: trees
in moist and
under roiled grey,
up out of green;

branch-ends furred
far aboveground
with new leaves,
leaftips trailing
after upward dive of stem
from burst bud clusters
(these yet un-rainpressed).

In the open
over the cut grass
before the gentle impending leaves
(cool justrain)
it is fresh irony
that
birds and birdsong
sound
like the free forest

I. Upjohn

A TRAIN

At first, a rumble and an echo of distant roar.
You feel and hear a shaking earth -
And now the rumble is yours.

For it grows to grab your attention -
You stare to the smoke and light
And a clumsy bell steals the upper pitch.
A whistle and a loud flash
Shoot by.

As the treble recedes, a heavy bass picks up.
The whish of cold steel wheel against cold steel rail
The rush of air around you and through the train
Fleeting flashes of the other side.

It continues, it drags, it dies.
The whish is silent, the treble dead.

And the rumble is starting in
Another man's field.

S. Dewart

THE SUBWAY AT 8.10

Her voice was charged with cacophony,
When it was thrust upon me,
I shook and was uneasy,
A vibration felt only when Hank hits high 'C'.

How I wanted to hit her,
Now rather I thank God there is no risk,
You see I remembered a memo sent to me:

"We expect you to set a good example
On the subway system, buses, streets, etc.
The good name of the school built up
Over the years rests largely in your hands."

But my brain was taken hostage
I wanted to set it free.
But most of all I wanted her to stop that babble,
I thought:

She knoweth nothing of her wrong!
She sits there under the advertisement I
Have read so many times
With her hands folded so serene."

I stood up and glared at this hole-ly wretched sight

"Madam! Will you please desist!"

She looked up at me with large green eyes so muddy
Her shoulder-length black greasy hair
Reflecting the sun,
And she smiled teeth shining a muted grey,

She only babbled.

J. Sankey

DEVELOPMENT OF STUDENT RESPONSIBILITY

I have this fear, a creeping fear. I see our school from a prefect's viewpoint and as one who has observed one decade minus a year of its history. A slow phasing-out of the prefect system is occurring. Prefectship reflects a basis to develop student's responsibility. This development of responsibility in all students is essential. The reason for this is simple though its use is ephemeral. A prefect is regarded as a vulture awaiting prey. "Pick up that apple-core!" and the student obeys the prefect's demand. That student won't drop apple-cores again.

The prefect's lot always implies elitism. Quite true. Herein lies the advantage and means of authority. And what is the alternative. Possibly, make every upper grade student responsible for watching the youngers - a simple co-op where everyone participates and each individual thus is less taxed. This seems to be the present attitude and remedy. I can explain this tendency as I may explain why misguided voters cast ballots for the NDP. As civilization reaches its apex Man as a social animal loving rapid development wants to see change. But if the present situation is near perfect only "fine tuning" can improve the "T.V. Picture". But gawd, how dull. Modern man wants action. Due to its precision near perfection can lull action-addicts into believing change is good and since change isn't occurring then the present situation is bad. So, in desperation, modern man ruins all previous efforts at tuning by changing T.V. channels! Is it possible that the effectiveness of prefectship has lulled us into wanting a change - for the worse?

The prefect system generates student responsibility. Or should the policing power lie diffused - an "o, I don't have to do it someone else surely will" complex? We all know that after school the whole world thrives on the asset of the responsible person. Why not teach an appreciation for responsibility? Encouraging discipline is beneficial. A dollar is more cherished when worked for rather than simply received.

Having these grade 13 "vultures" be policemen can only help the students' appreciation and relieve the master's duties (or should the masters arrange to pick up apple-cores?). The masters can only benefit by using the prefects as a tool. This requires a reversion, a return to faith, of the prefect system. Give us something to do and it will be done. Renew the teachers' faith in the prefects and this will bolster prefect authority as peers which can only assist the development of younger responsible students.

My attitude most likely seems like an appropriate chapel sermon in that I advocate conservative strictness - or have you now been lulled by perfection into want of change too? (Do you now see that it does happen?). My fear is the prefectship will perish and in fact, perish more easily in the absence of the only Headmaster I know. I hope this fear is contagious! Something to consider in closing: "Civilization is always in danger when those who have never learned to obey are given the right to command." (Bishop Fulton J. Sheen).

I. Lomax 13



FLORENCE, MARCH 1977

A room with two twisted beds
- sag and roll -
at the end of a long corridor
narrow, echoing: the end of hotel corridors;

at the end of this passage we were
in a pale room
- a room fit for sharp blades and quiet blood
- a helpless numbness

there was the room
(non-potable water)
and there was the discotheque
- a chaos of liquor and noise
that twists the heart, that
shakes the hand
- a thousand hunts and huntings
stalking, capture and escape

and there was the city
the city with its XIVth-century architectures.

The city lived: life swelled it,
pulsed; the streets at night
were golden arteries
- a tunnel, and I alone

Jesus! there was life
implicit in the shutters and tiles!
sweating from every pore.
It was human.
Centuries of living had built it.
Incredible, intense, crowded, sensual life
as well as those beauties which
were more than personal,
more than human
directed at God.

Here, the massive beauties
sacred and profane,
intoxicated me;
they broke me and over me
they broke, like a pebble and the sea;
I rocked and rested, and rocked.

Here, for the first time,
Life has crashed the doors of all proprieties.

I. Upjohn

CHRISTINA'S WORLD

The house sits quietly on the hill
Some see it as it truly is --
old, grey, and dying
While others, like her, find secret pleasures
Within its walls, behind its dark oak door.

She comes to it nearly every day.
Only rain can stop her, rain and
The occasional spring day, when the earth
Is soft and new, and cannot support her weight.

"Come to me, Christina", it gently calls,
And like a blind lover, she obeys, dragging
Her dead limbs behind over the sharp wheatgrass,
Using her fingers like garden hoes to dig in deep.

The house reminds her of her childhood,
When her limbs were young and strong,
And she could run and jump and play "Hide and Seek",
And she could even walk.

Now she can only sit, or crawl along the earth,
Like some lame beetle searching for a rock,
A rock that offers peace and protection,
Like a quiet house on a hill.

N. Martin-Sperry

ANNOTATIONS ON A COSMIC DEATH -
JANUARY 23

Quietly he sits
As a mantis,
Praying;
Slowly he moves his hands
In gestures
Oh, so very insidious.
As flies flash by
As little men
In shining space suits
Helmeted against the orange wind.
The hands shoot out
Like pistons
Of the immortal cosmic engine
Crushing the tiny speck of ultramarine.
Another scratch in the Book of Doom,
Another smear upon the windshield of life
As the headlights cry -
"O Death where is thy sting."

R. King

SPRING



TRACK AND FIELD

With the completion of this year's Track season one era ended and another began. For several of the senior boys it was their last season, but for many others it was a start. In the past, track and field has been the domain of a few dedicated athletes. However, this past year, there were almost 40 boys involved in competition, and the quantity and quality augur well for the future.

Again this year, we sent a team to the Quaker Relays at Pickering College and despite the timing of the meet (the morning after the formal) and the weather conditions (rain and 25 m.p.h. winds) the team of Terry King, James Tasker, Brent Shields and Bill Deacon won the 4 x 200 relay, missing the meet record by 2/10ths of a second.

The I.S.A.A. Track and Field Championships were held on May 26th at Centennial Stadium in Etobicoke. This year's competition was the best ever; and with 10 schools competing, SGC placed 5th overall. Undoubtedly the highlight of the meet was the performance of Dean Turney. Competing as a senior for the first time, Dean won the 1500 m and the 3000 m events and set I.S.A.A. records in both races. For his performances, Dean was awarded The R.K. Fraser Trophy for the outstanding performance by a track athlete. Other noteworthy achievements were: Shields 2nd in the 200 meter, the 4 x 100 relay team of Ormsby, Tasker, Shields and King 2nd, Bruce Lawes 1st in the long jump, and Cameron Clokie two 2nd place finishes in the 1500 m and the 800 m.

June 1978 saw the graduation of some of the best and most dedicated track and field people with whom I have been associated. Terry King, Tim Ormsby, Brent Shields, Graeme Rogers, James Tasker and Jack Ellis have spent long hours practising and they have represented the school with distinction for 5 years. Their ability and leadership will be sorely missed. Thank you for your efforts and every good wish for the future. Also thank you to Mr. Rick Cunningham for his coaching expertise and to Mr. Birkett for his photography.

In conclusion I would like to thank the parents for their support. Mr. and Mrs. Brian Shields did a magnificent job taking pictures, transporting us hither and yon, providing us with food and liquid refreshment, and encouraging the team to do its best. Another fine example of the SGC spirit at work.



BACK ROW: D. Smith, A. Birozes, G. Browne, K. Paisley, C. Crassweller, P. Anthony, J. Edwards, M. Auld.

MIDDLE ROW: R. Anthony, D. Pittman, C. Whitney, K. Smith, B. Campbell, J. Skey, R. Cohen.

FRONT ROW: J. Luczka, P. Shepherd, C. Clokie, D. Joy, G. Bernardo.



BACK ROW: C. Crassweller, M. Fraser.

MIDDLE ROW: P. Lynch, P. Gibson, T. King, J. Tasker.

FRONT ROW: D. Turney, J. Wynn, G. Rogers, B. Deacon, B. Shields, R. Hector.





HOUSE LEAGUE

The House spirit at S.G.C. reached a new high this year. The House League programme organized and supervised by Mr. Dunkley with the help of Mr. Love and several other masters, filled the boys with excitement and enthusiasm. The programme consisted of football, basketball and ball hockey.

This year's House Captains included Brent Shields (Westminster), Doug Bell (Canterbury), James Tasker (York), and Terry King (Winchester). They organized several events throughout the year including football throw and pegboard climbing competitions and ping-pong and arm wrestling tournaments. The organization of these events and their general high House spirit was much appreciated by all the students.

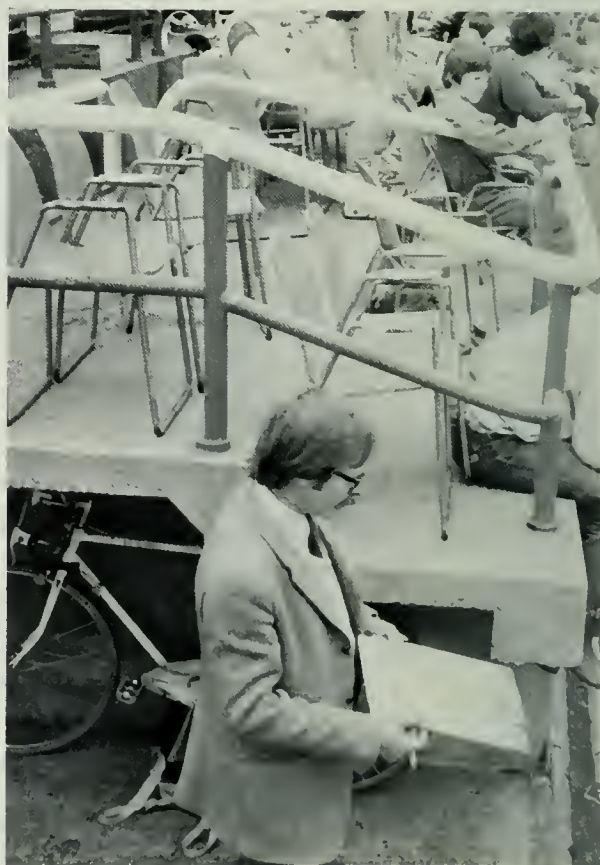
The annual highlights of the House competitions are the Track and Field Day and the Swimming Gala. Both of these events drew strong competitive support this year and created extremely enjoyable afternoons.

Thanks must go to many people for all their hard work and assistance which made the House system prosper. Most of all, however, thanks must go to Mr. Dunkley for all his brilliant organization and tremendous inspiration which has made the House system the success that it is.

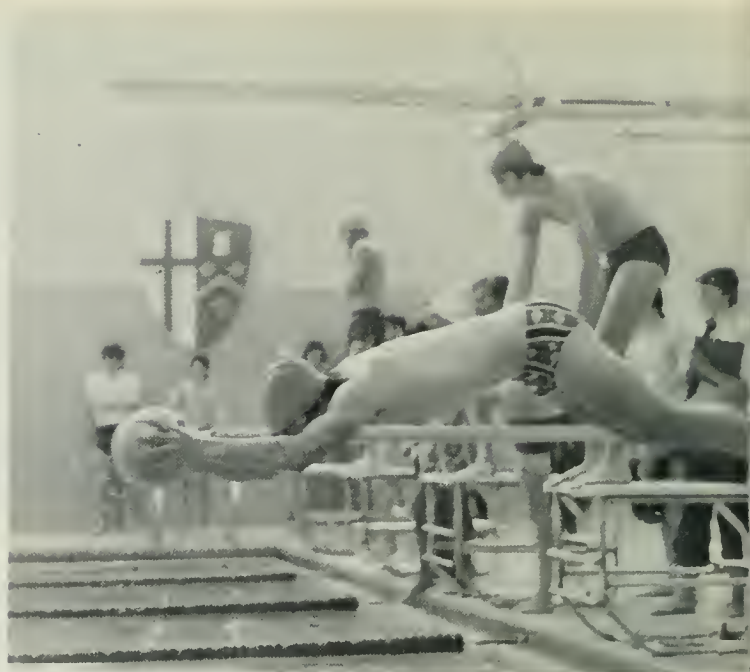
J. Houston
House Committee Chairman.

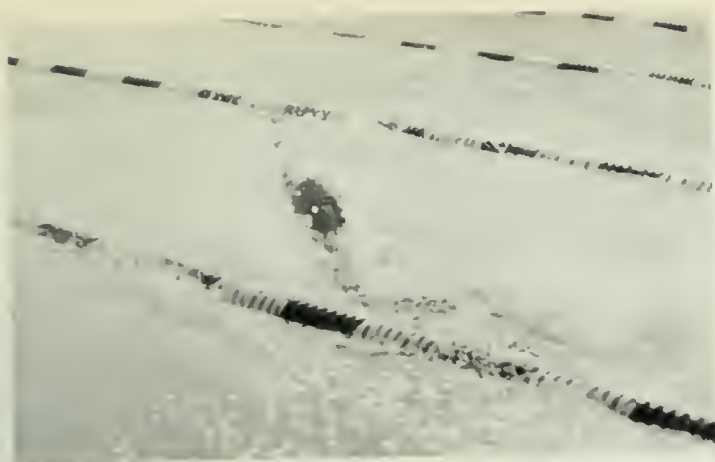
STANDINGS:

WESTMINSTER	4075
CANTERBURY	3774
YORK	3632
WINCHESTER	3531
HOUSE POINT LEADER - C. CLOKIE	









JUNIOR DRAMA

Although the boys in the Junior School are exposed to several approaches and attitudes to drama throughout the school year, the 'school play' inevitably becomes the highlight and focus of the programme.

This year "The Clock Struck Twelve" presented on the last evening of the Stanley Cup Playoffs nevertheless boasted a full house and a generally successful performance.

Beginning in mid-January, the cast began learning lines, getting into character, remembering cues, and a host of other details. Rehearsals were long, often uproarious, and always entertaining for any bystander, as well as the cast. Consider the amusement of seeing John D. Astorfeller racing madly about the stage, being followed by a frantic mother and a slow-witted police officer.

The big night finally arrived, and all the effort and fun came to a successful climax. And everyone involved gained a better knowledge of drama as a craft, as well as an art form.



SENIOR DRAMA

This year has been a good one for the Senior School Drama Club, which was able to present two performances of James De Felice's "Fools and Master." The play has five characters and takes place in Italy during the thirties. It concerns the effects of the regulations imposed by the fascist government on a circus performer.

The main character, Salto, was admirably played by Kevin McCullum, who also won the Drama award for his performance. Other members of the cast included John Northcott, Nicholas Martin-Sperry, Graham Morphy, and John Wigle, who also deserve much praise for their work.

Thanks go to Mr. Fulford, who gave of his free time and did a fine job as director. The club is looking forward to a successful time next year.



SWIMMING



BACK ROW: P. Shepherd, C. Whitney, P. Beattie, P. Anthony, C. Crassweller, J. Bousfield.
MIDDLE ROW: P. Hawkins, R. Cohen, K. Paisley, P. Hughes, A. Bousfield, F. Morrisson, D. Jones, S. Daly.
FRONT ROW: Mr. Baxter, M. Heisey, D. Joy, D. Trusler, J. Tasker, M. Ness, W. Scott, M. LeGresley, Mr. Birkett.

The 1977-78 season has been a milestone in the development of the St. George's College Swim Team. Not only has its meet record improved to a very great extent but, more importantly, it has gained primary team status, receiving the recognition that it so desperately needed.

The team, however, started off slowly at the beginning of the second term, suffering from the spoils of the Christmas holidays. Mr. Baxter supervised the training; he quickly instituted programs designed to increase our endurance. So, by the last few weeks in March the team was strong and trim. But even with this, it still had difficulties, since it suffered from the perpetual deficiency of bodies. There were too few swimmers to adequately cover the three categories (Senior A, B and the Under-fifteen); all too often the Under-fifteens were swimming on the A and B teams. It was not uncommon for those like Scott Daley to swim six or seven races at a meet. Yet it was fun and it gave the team a sense of adventure that seemed to unify it. As the season advanced the Under fifteens proved themselves again and again as they finished the season undefeated. I only hope that they keep together in the coming years.

With the approach of the I.S.A.A. Swim Meet, Mr. Birket pulled together a diving team which began to master several new dives. However, no one was able to approach the perfection of Malcolm Ness' back layout, executed for the first time at Branksome, one year previously. Remembering the invaluable advice of Mike Miller, an old boy who returned to coach us, the team swam one of its finest meets; of note were the excellent performances of Ness, Daley and Trusler. We came sixth overall.

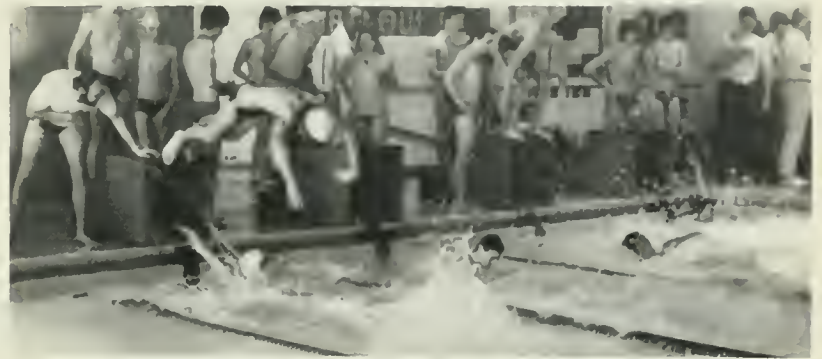
I am confident that this result can and will be improved upon in the next year or two, if the record of the Under-fifteens is any indication. Although I am sorry to leave, I wish Mr. Baxter, Mr. Birket and all the team as much fun and enjoyment as I had and above all, I wish them success.

James Tasker



BACK ROW: J. Hicks, W. Henry, J. Thompson, P. Hawkins, S. Istvan, I. Edward, A. Fogden, C. Pelz, Mr. Baxter.
MIDDLE ROW: P. Stevenson, G. Panos, P. Johnson, S. Merrick, J. Wedgwood, T. Palo, A. Pace, K. Healer.
FRONT ROW: G. White, B. McCaskill, D. Fells, D. Drenfeld, T. Kerr, M. Halyk.







ATHLETIC BANQUET

Thursday, May 18, marked the date for the second annual Athletic Banquet. Once again the site was the Holiday Inn, Don Valley, and one hundred and thirty people filled the Commonwealth-West dining room. The proceedings began by the offering of grace by the Headmaster, followed by a toast to the Queen.

Following dinner, the group was addressed by U. of T. Varsity Hockey Coach Mr. Tom Watt. His speech dealt with the physical, social and psychological value of sport for the high school and university athlete. He emphasized the value of sport in developing both physical and moral courage, as well as fitness. Mr. Wright thanked Mr. Watt and presented him with a St. George's College bench jacket.

The giving of awards, both team colours and Special Awards followed: Assaf Trophy (Soccer) - Chris Dawson, Trusler Trophy (Skiing) - David Trusler, D. Bowlby Trophy (Basketball) - Eric Fergusson, J.W. McMaster Trophy (Hockey) - Fraser Phillips, John Millen.

In addition, the following awards, usually presented on Prize Day were given: J.S. Robinson Trophy (Best Jr. Athlete) - Doug Smith, Anthony Birozes, Tudhope Athletic Award (Best Int. Athlete) - Jamie Brenzil, Housser Trophy (Best Sr. Athlete) - Brent Shields, Terry King, Athletic Director's Award - Doug Bell.

The end of this year's ceremony was the presentation of the prestigious Athletic Letters. These were awarded to: Brian Hill, Kevin Matthews, Brent Shields, Eric Fergusson, James Tasker, Terry King, Fraser Phillips.

Mr. McMaster closed the evening and thanked all present for their support.



CHOIR

This has been a very successful year for the Choir. Its highlight was perhaps the Service of Lessons and Carols held this year at St. James Cathedral, after two years at St. Paul's. Despite the switch, the turnout was, as usual, large.

The day after the Carol Service, we sang at the Royal York. We also had the pleasure of singing an Evensong in Trinity College Chapel, on June 14th. We have done this for several years now and hope that this practice will continue.

On June 10th, the Choir left Toronto, for a tour down East. We visited Montreal, Quebec City, Halifax and Charlottetown. During this tour, we sang services in St. Matthew's, Christ Church Cathedral (Montreal), and Holy Trinity Cathedral (Quebec City).

Special mention should be made of Mrs. Hunter and Mrs. Keresteci who were our Choir Mothers this year. They accompanied us out East and worked very hard all year.







PRIZE DAY



The Presentation of Prizes occurred this year on June 15, a day that was sultry and uncomfortable. The event, however, was of unusual significance, since it marked the last school function that would be presided over by Mr. Wright as Headmaster, and thus, despite the heat, there were many more people in attendance than in previous years. Among these were several guests of distinction, including a number of Headmasters from other schools and a few eminent clergymen.

The ceremony started with an Evensong service; the Choir sang several pieces admirably; the Headmaster and Head Prefect read the Lessons and Fr. Pegler gave the prayers. Near the end of the service the Most Reverend W.L. Wright spoke for a few minutes on Mr. Wright's contribution to St. George's College. After this came the School Hymn and the Blessing and then the congregation moved over to the Diocesan Centre.

The second half of Prize Day began with Mr. Wright's Headmaster's Report. This was punctuated neatly by frequent applause and, when finished, received a standing ovation. The prizes were then presented; of note were two donated in memory of I. Lomax and another given by the students in honour of Mr. Wright (which was won by Mr. Wright). With the remarks of the Chairman of the Board of Governors, Mr. Skells, Prize Day was concluded.







JACK WRIGHT DINNER

Prize Day evening, June 15th, witnessed the gathering of 1,120 people in the Canadian Room of the Royal York Hotel to pay tribute to our retiring Headmaster. Among the head table guests were the Hon. Pauline McGibbon, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, and her husband; the Most Rev. Howard Clarke, former Primate of the Anglican Church in Canada; the Rt. Rev. Fredrick Wilkinson, former Bishop of Toronto; the Most Rev. William Wright, former Metropolitan Archbishop of Ontario, and Canon Joseph deP. Wright, brothers of the Headmaster. Though the vast majority of those present were members of the St. George's Family, there was a very large contingent of Old Boys and Staff from St. Andrew's College, where Mr. Wright taught for twenty-six years, and eight Headmasters from other Ontario independent schools.

During the course of the evening there were several speeches in praise of Mr. Wright's forty years in education, members of the choir sang a canticle specially written for the occasion by Fr. K.W. Scott, and various organizations and groups made presentations: his former colleagues at St. Andrew's College, a suitably inscribed cane; the Ladies' Guild of St. George's College, an antique Wedgwood jar; The Board of Governors, a high-fidelity stereo system and a Mediterranean cruise for two; and all those present at the dinner, a cheque for \$9,000.

When the time came for his address, the climax of the evening, Mr. Wright was introduced by his brother, Canon J. deP. Wright, who spoke with high good humour of his childhood and youth, Mr. Kenneth Ives, an old friend and colleague who described his years at St. Andrew's, and Mr. J.D. Allen, his successor, who spoke of his fourteen-year founding headmastership at St. George's.

This great gathering bore eloquent testimony to the deep affection and esteem in which John Lennox Wright is held by us all.



STUDENT'S COUNCIL

The St. George's College Student Council has had an extremely successful year, and this is mainly because of the strong support that it received from all students.

For the first time in its history the council was able to hold four school dances in a single year. All were well attended and generally successful. In addition we co-financed another with B.S.S. and produced an excellent Senior School Formal. These achievements were brought about mainly through the hard work of the Social Committee (Ellis, McClelland and Spears), aided by many other Georgians, who set up and took down band equipment and helped in cleaning up afterwards.

The other major accomplishment of the Student Council this year was the successful completion of several fund-raising projects. These produced substantial sums of money, much of which went to the United Appeal in our annual contribution, which ranks as one of the largest among the city's schools. We also spent a great deal of money on what we felt were worthwhile gifts for the staff, students and school, including 'Christmas presents' for the teachers, gymnasium equipment and a bicycle rack. In the second term a bus was hired to take Georgian supporters up to Forest Hill Arena to cheer on the First Hockey Team. The gift of a cherry-wood paddle was made to Mr. Kiddell to mark the end of his stay at St. George's College, after five years of excellent teaching.

One of this year's chief accomplishments was the creation of the 'J.L. Wright Award' that was funded and presented by the students. It is to be given every Prize Day, in honour of our retiring Headmaster, to the person who most clearly demonstrates that "manners maketh men". Its first recipient was, naturally, Mr. Wright.

Our success this year must also be attributed to the efforts of two Council members; Ian Houston (treasurer) and Andrew Spears. Warm thanks are due to both.

Thank-you Georgians for making the school what it is, and good luck next year.

Bill Deacon

DEBATING

This year, St. George's College debated itself to glory. Scintillating verbal battles were waged within classes, between classes, between grades, between houses, with other schools; throughout the year, Georgians were thinking and talking voraciously, expounding, examining, delineating and defining, in a constant, unalterable flurry of introspection and perception.

Such phenomena were first manifest in the Interhouse debates. Organized through the massive exertations of Father Pegler, those involved 'hand picked' teams were drawn from the various houses, in various grades. When given topics to argue, and sides of topics to defend, the teams performed these duties with an often admirable proficiency, in spite of a certain chaos that seemed to perpetuate itself among the un-restrained audience that surrounded them.

The Georgian affinity for talking was again demonstrated in Mid-April when the twelves, in an awesome display of oracular bestiality, shattered the thirteens. The former were represented by Millen, Carl and Wilks; the latter by Dewart, Bell and Rogers. The topic was: Be it resolved, that Pornography and/or Abortion should be abolished. The victors took the negative. The losers took their denuded fortunes and sought to restore them in an encounter with the wiley staff team of Fr. Pegler, Mr. Love and Mr. Kerr. These latter proceeded to demonstrate most convincingly in front of the senior population of S.G.C. that manners maketh no men; they won the support of just over one-half of the audience, including Mr. Wright.

The thirteen team must, however, be congratulated for providing a resolute defense in arguing the more difficult sides of each debate; in fact two of their number, Dewart and Bell, in conjunction with Wilks, formed an S.G.C. team that entered the Haverlall tournament and placed third out of fifteen schools. Dewart and Wilks later went to a most impressive U.C.C. tournament, involving 30 schools from Quebec, Michigan and Ontario. In spite of the team's near elimination, owing to a beaucroatic mishap (nobody bothered to tell them we were coming), in spite of Dewart's sleepless night reveling at the S.G.C. Formal and his drowsy rebuttal of one of Wilks' points, the team placed a glorious sixth.

Thanks to all who spectated during our debates and laughed hollowly at our jokes.









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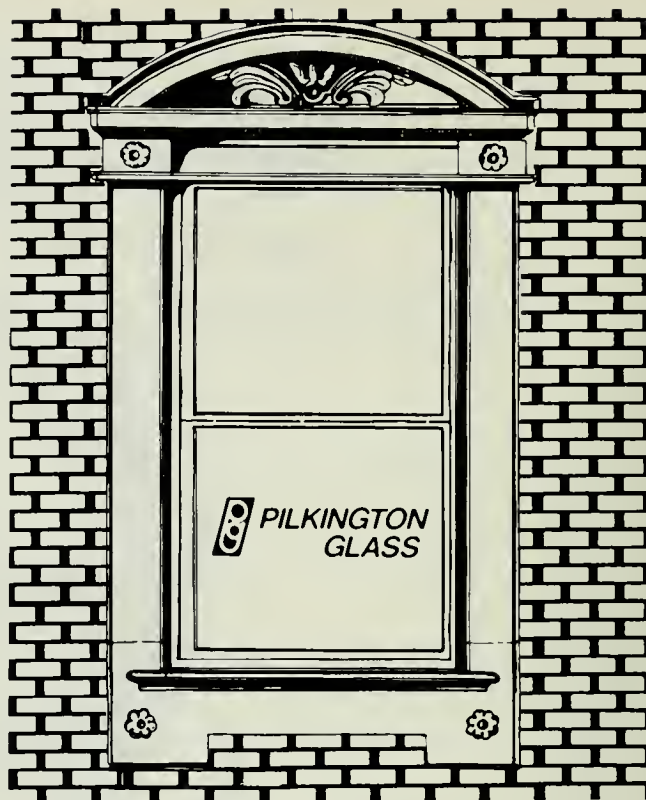
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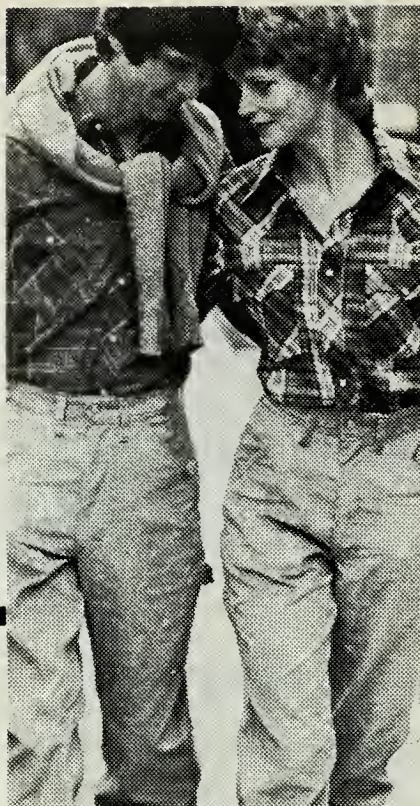
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